OF MICHIGAN
JUN 13 1958
PERIODICAL READING ROOM

New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LV · No. 1420 SATURDAY · 31 MAY 1958 NINEPENCE

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The Falling Bastion

FRENCH democracy is dying without a fight. If most French workers have seemed to stand aside and watch while their liberties are taken from them, that is not to say they have watched unmoved. As our Paris correspondent reports on another page, the success of last Wednesday's demonstrations in Paris proves the extent to which the Socialist leadership has failed to sound the call to battle. Indeed, M. Mollet and his colleagues have been nibbling at the bait of office under de Gaulle. No doubt they argue that, inside his government, they will be able to strengthen him against the Fascist groups who hope to use him merely as a tool. They comfort themselves with the thought that power for de Gaulle is the only hope now left of avoiding war with the generals in Algeria. But the rank and file of their party know that every opportunity of saving French democracy has been lost because the leaders have never been willing to invoke the strength of the whole working class—including Communists—even for limited objectives. As for the Communists themselves, doubt about Moscow's attitude has left them almost equally bewildered and ineffective. The Centre, too, has preferred eclipse to civil war. The only concessions the frightened Republicans have obtained from a triumphant de Gaulle is an ambiguous warning to the rebel generals, and his consent to pay lip-service to constitutional forms as he climbs on to the throne. And even this may work to the General's advantage: for when the time for democratic resistance comes, he may yet be able to claim that his regime was legally established.

There need be little doubt what form this new regime will take, though the mask may be lowered only gradually. Like Hindenburg, de Gaulle is a 'Wooden Titan', an immobile relic from the past whose bulky form serves only to conceal the real men of destiny lurking in its shadow. His Hitlerian protégé has yet to emerge, but we already know what manner of man he is only too likely to be. The *colon* extremists who have often imposed their policies on determined ministers in Paris do not expect much resistance from this ageing prima donna who owes his Indian Summer of power entirely to their efforts. De Gaulle's slogans may be vague, and democrats both in France and abroad have attempted to find in this very ambiguity some small crumbs of comfort; but they forget that it is Soustelle and Massu who will do the interpreting. 'The National Renaissance of France' is a fine paper phrase: but in practice is it not bound to mean the parachutist's cellars in Algiers, the torturing of Alleg, the murder of Audin and unknown numbers of Moslem prisoners, the bombing of women and children in Sakiet, the suppression of freedom of the press and speech? Many British commentators have expressed relief that civil war has been avoided and gratification that the General has observed constitutional proprieties. But the leader of the Corsican revolt has struck the true note: 'This means the end of government by Jews and Intellectuals', he exulted. The ugly phrase echoes back to a previous generation of Gadarene swine.

That the French bastion of freedom is falling is in itself a catastrophe. The crucial importance of French democracy cannot be measured by the nation's relative decline in economic and military strength and by the smaller role it now plays in world affairs. France has always been a symbol and a portent, a civilisation as much as a country. When freedom is extinguished in Paris, its defenders everywhere lose courage—and its enemies gain it. Since the war, we have too easily discounted the chances of a Fascist resurgence. Fascism remained dormant only because it lacked a base from which to launch fresh conquests, because Hitler's only surviving companions, Salazar and Franco, were isolated and impotent. Now it is establishing a citadel in the heart of Europe.

Hence, though the international consequences of de Gaulle's return are many and incalculable—the extension of the war to Tunisia, a crisis in Nato likely to lead to a sharp increase in East-West tension—the salient fact remains that Fascism has won its first significant post-war victory, that it occupies a large and powerful country soon to possess atomic weapons, and thus commands the means to aid and arm its adherents abroad. Democrats everywhere must now look to their defences.

Comments on the Week's News

The Importance of Makarios

It is already clear that the government's forthcoming proposals for Cyprus will be to the taste neither of Athens nor Ankara, and that they will be rejected by the islanders themselves, who have not been consulted at any stage in their formulation. Since by its very nature self-government cannot be imposed on a nation, we must face the probability of an indefinite period of direct rule by Britain and a large-scale resumption of Eoka terrorism. The only factor which could perhaps alter this gloomy vista is the attitude of Archbishop Makarios. There can be no doubt that he still retains the confidence of the Greek Cypriots and to some extent an influence over Eoka (it is significant that two left-wing Greek Cypriot mayors flew to Athens last weekend to ask him to persuade Eoka to call off its murder campaign against Cypriot trade union leaders). It also seems probable that he has considerably modified his demands in the past year, and that he may now be prepared to consider proposals embodying a long period of self-government, provided these are negotiated and not dictated. His presence in London—if he were to accept Dr Fisher's invitation—would therefore have the positive merit of providing an opportunity for an informal exchange of views with ministers. Viewed against this background, the shabby attempt by Sir Edward Spears to prevent his visit by threatening a court action—which we fear may well prove effective—is an act of political sabotage, and could well lead indirectly to many more deaths than those Sir Edward claims to deplore.

Nenni's Chance

It seems after all as if recent events in France have had remarkably little influence on the Italian general election. True, the only substantial shift of the voters' allegiance was away from the parties of the extreme right, and this may have been marginally attributable to a reaction against the threat of Fascism in France. Generals, in other words, may this week be regarded as a greater obstacle to progress than bishops. But far more significant is the relative stability of the voting. The pattern of the Italian parties seems for the present determined. The governmental politics of the next few years, however, are not. The Christian Democrats are not strong enough to govern unaided; and they will have to choose between forming a centre coalition with Social Democrats, Liberals and Republicans, and undertaking a minority government which would depend on *ad hoc* support from the other centre parties. They may well plump for the former tactic. Nor would such a coalition necessarily lead, as in France, to the disintegration of the Republic. There is one great difference between French and Italian politics—the Socialists. Nenni seems at last to have detached himself from the Communists: at the same time he is totally dissociated from the Catholic Centre which is bound to form the core of any coalition. He represents in fact what the Fourth Republic in France has lacked—a left-wing opposition which is organically distinct from the Communist Party, but which still has reasonably deep roots in the working class. The Socialists are still, of course, numerically weak by comparison with both Christian Democrats and Communists. None the less Nenni now has a real chance to improve his following at the expense of both these larger groups and constitute his party as the effective opposition.

Moscow and Belgrade

The dispute between Moscow and Belgrade is taking a slow and complex course. For two reasons the Yugoslavs have not been in a hurry to reply to the stiff letter sent by the central committee of the Soviet Communist Party. In the first place, the situation is not of their making: they react when they are denounced by the Communist press elsewhere, but they see no reason why they should do more than re-state their position. Secondly, they have been waiting to see what would come out of the Communist durbar held last week in Moscow. Though the purpose of this meeting was nominally to discuss economic co-operation within the Communist bloc, and deal with matters arising under the Warsaw Pact, there was no doubt either in Belgrade or in the satellite capitals that the Yugoslav situation was one of the main items on the agenda. That was why the Yugoslavs attached a great deal of importance to the message sent by Mr Krushchev to President Tito on his birthday last Sunday. This was the first communication to be sent after the Moscow meeting, and it caused some surprise in Belgrade when the message went beyond the conventional greeting to express the hope that the 'disagreements' between 'brotherly parties' would be overcome. The first conclusion drawn in Belgrade, that the Russians might not wish to carry the dispute into the area of inter-state relations, seems inconsistent with the news of the blocking of £100m. of Soviet credit to Yugoslavia. A similar gesture, however, was made at the time of Hungary, only to be reversed last summer; and it may well be that the Russians have decided, in the face of an unexpectedly vigorous reaction, to pitch their current dispute lower than they had originally intended. The Moscow meeting, moreover, has produced another unexpected concession: the proposed withdrawal of Soviet units from Rumania and a reduction in strength in Hungary—another sign that the Russians may not propose to raise tension to its post-1948 level.

Singapore Agreement

The agreement between the British government and the all-party delegation on the new Singapore constitution now leaves the field clear for the intense political struggle expected over the next 12 months. The negotiations of the past two weeks have followed the pattern of last year's talks, and the agreement reached seems broadly to have satisfied all sides. The one point of conflict which emerged last year was the British insistence that detained subversives should be debarred from membership of the first legislative assembly. In spite of protests from the Singapore delegates the Colonial Secretary continues to insist on this position, but he has to include it in a separate Order in Council. The responsibility will be his alone and thus will not embarrass Singapore ministers. The other important point of the constitution is the inclusion of a representative from the Federation of Malaya on the internal security council. This, it is hoped, paves the way for closer links between the Federation and an internally self-governing Singapore, leading eventually to the merger which is the sole long-term hope for the colony. Recently Singapore Communists have tried to represent these talks as a retrogression from last year's agreement. It is important, therefore, that all members of the delegation, including Lee Kuan Yew, the leader of the People's Action Party, are satisfied with the agreement as marking a further stage on the road to independence.

The Strike Goes On

Mr Frank Cousins was undoubtedly right again to refuse any settlement of the bus strike which does not offer an increase to all London busmen. In now seeking for help from the Underground railwaymen and from the drivers of the petrol tankers in the Greater London area, he is clearly well within established industrial practice. The point of such action could be to keep Tube and coach travel down to pre-strike limits. But he might be tempted to use the great power of his union for other pressures; the ETU has already offered to cut off electricity supplies to the Tube. This would suit the government: indeed, there are signs that it would like to provoke Mr Cousins into a widespread action which Conservative newspapers are already calling a 'little general strike'. If this happened on his initiative, it could antagonise a large body of opinion that is at present neutral, if not sympathetic, towards the busmen. Of course Mr Cousins has been put in a difficult position by the government's action in deliberately buying off other workers whose claims were not so urgent as the busmen's. But he can still win. The responsibility for extending the strike—if that should happen—should be allowed to rest on the government. Mr Cousins is likely to observe strict protocol in playing his next cards; and if this provokes a propaganda barrage and government intervention then—and only then—should the reserves be called on.

Tradition versus Democracy in Uganda

Politics in Uganda are increasingly a struggle between traditionalists and modern politicians. The traditionalists won the first round by bringing such pressure to bear on the Protectorate government that plans for direct elections from Buganda to the Legislative Council have been dropped. They were also successful in securing the conviction of Mr Kiwanuka, chairman of the National Congress, on a charge of trying to assassinate the Kabaka. They have even succeeded in excluding the main political leaders from the Buganda Lukiko, even though these were all legally elected. Now the politicians have begun to hit back. The Kiwanuka case went from the local courts in Buganda to the Protectorate courts, where the conviction was quashed. The leaders of the three main parties then came together to form a united front. Mr Kiwanuka of the National Congress, Mr Mulira of the Progressive Party, and Mr Mugwanya of the Democratic Party, have united in issuing a forthright statement attacking Buganda ministers and stating brusquely: 'We declare that as from today we are at war with the ministers and will be until we supplant them'. No one will envy the Governor or the Protectorate government in this delicate situation, but it is as well that Africans have begun to face this fundamental issue between traditional authoritarianism and modern democratic politics, and are learning to fight it out amongst themselves.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

The SPD in Conference

A Correspondent writes: The recent conference of the German Social Democrats was intended to provide explanations for the party's failure to win last September's federal elections and a guide to victory in the coming five *Länder* (state) elections this year, as well as the federal elections in 1961. So it was said beforehand. Few of the 400 delegates gathered in the *Liederhalle*, in Stuttgart, however, could have said that these promises had been fulfilled after five days of concentrated speechmaking. This was a great disappointment to many outside, as well as inside the SPD. For there is a strong section of the electorate which wants to see it changing to a 'people's party' which can become an effective opposition 'based on more than class consciousness', as one bourgeois paper recently wrote. This is the only way in which parliamentary democracy will take firm hold in this country.

Eight months ago, a special commission of three members was elected to overhaul the organisation of the party. They were Fritz Erler, Carlo Schmid and Herbert Wehner – outstanding representatives of the different sections of the SPD. Their main purpose was to evolve some arrangement whereby the functionaries would have less to say in the making of party policy, and the politicians more to say. The result has been the establishment of two deputies to Eric Ollenhauer, chairman of the party. These are Herbert Wehner and Waldemar von Knoeringen. Ollenhauer himself has been re-elected chairman, but with a reduced majority; and there is a stronger feeling than ever before that if the SPD should come to power, then he is not the man to be Federal Chancellor, despite his many good qualities and long services to the party. For this reason, the emergence of Herbert Wehner as one of the two deputy chairmen, and as the outstanding man of this conference, is of great significance. His co-equal, von Knoeringen, is too much absorbed in Bavarian politics and in the cultural aspects of SPD policy to have any comparable influence. Wehner is a strong personality with terrific prejudices, who was a former Communist and is known more for the passionate expounding of his views than for conciliation. He has been strongly attacked from time to time by Adenauer, but has generally given as much as he has taken. He has been compared with Aneurin Bevan, but the son of the Welsh miner and the son of the Dresden cobbler have developed in very different political atmospheres during the past three decades. Wehner has never held government office and has yet to prove he has the gift of administrative ability.

In general policy, the SPD has made few changes – except that, instead of nationalisation, there is now a demand for the transfer of key industries to 'some form' of public ownership. Whatever antagonism there was formerly to religion and in favour of free-thinking has been abandoned. Any new statement on Socialism would certainly stress that it is a halfway house between capitalism and Communism, but that both these extremes must be rejected more firmly than ever. The SPD stands as resolutely as ever against atomic weapons for the Federal Republic and intends to carry on with its protests 'by all legal means'. In fact, the opening days of the conference were concentrated upon this issue, following the performance at the outset of the *Goettinger Kantata*, a kind of morality play on this issue set to music. The SPD now accepts the necessity for national defence, but is still opposed to military conscription. There was, moreover, no recognition of the idea of contributing to a collective defence of the West.

Salisbury

Electoral Chaos

A Correspondent in S. Rhodesia writes: Were the fundamental issues not so serious, the Southern Rhodesian territorial elections, now getting really under way, could be enjoyed as an hilarious and far-fetched opera bouffe. All 22 candidates promised by the extreme reactionary Confederate Party have now gone with the wind, on the eve of nomination day, after a huge press-advertising campaign trumpeting the absolute denial of the vote to the African in perpetuity and the assumption of Dominion status immediately on election to power. The much more modest extremists on the other wing, the African Nationalist Congress Party and the Constitution Party, discreetly retired a little before, leaving a three-cornered tussle between the United Federal Party, led territorially by Sir Edgar Whitehead, the United Rhodesia Party, revived by Mr Garfield Todd after the final split in the parliamentary caucus, and Mr Winston Field's Dominion Party. There are only two independents to lend variety.

Thirty seats are being contested by 85 candidates, and the entire nominal electoral roll amounts to about 55,000, out of a European population of 200,000. 'Nominal' is the word, for an incalculable number of voters have either left the country or moved to constituencies where, having failed to re-register, they are not entitled to vote. How many of the vanished electorate can be traced and induced to use a postal vote, which in any case they forfeit after a year's absence from their constituency of registration, and whether fleets of party transport will be organised to convey them, over vast distances, to the polling-booths of their old homes, are questions still to be answered. But it is unlikely that more than 1,500 votes will be cast in any one division.

Confusion has been very much worse confounded by the introduction of the new 'preferential vote', a version of the alternative vote built into the Electoral Amendment Act, 1957. Designed to keep out the 'wild men' on either flank in a multiple-candidate election, it gives the voter the option to state a priority of choice when casting his vote. For instance, if there are four candidates he may rank them one to four in order of precedence, though he may make as few choices as he pleases. The basic aim is to arrive at one candidate, by a process of elimination, who has an absolute majority. Unfortunately, it has just been realised that the wording of the Act leaves in some doubt exactly what votes do count in the final reckoning. Two weeks before the election, the matter is still in official debate, and is said to be in process of reference to Tasmania where a similar system somehow operates. The ordinary voter, already befuddled by the incomprehensible political antics of the last six months, if he has heard of the 'preferential vote' at all, as often as not thinks it may be a device to give a European the edge over an African voter. In the past he has not always been equal to the task of putting a single, plain mark against the man of his choice; now he is going to be asked to fill up a ballot-paper like a football-pool.

Last week the Dominion Party unsuccessfully petitioned the Governor to suspend the constitution and re-introduced the old system of voting. The object of this disreputable manœuvre was to reduce the support likely to be given to Sir Edgar Whitehead and his United Federal Party. Under the preferential voting system it is virtually certain that the supporters of Todd's United Rhodesia Party would choose Whitehead's party as their second preference rather than the Dominion Party; and the United Rhodesia Party voters would give Todd their second preference in order to keep out their more dangerous rivals in the Dominion Party.

Such is the background against which Mr Todd, woefully short of time, money and organisation, has been able to muster 23 very enthusiastic and truly representative candidates. Against it the Dominion Party, with well-geared and oiled machinery, excellent administration and many impressive representatives, moves forward confidently to a predeclared victory, speaking moderation openly and whispering apartheid behind its hand. Between these two parties Sir Edgar bumbles on, now held up by the federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, uttering dire warnings about Russia and the Colonial Office. Perhaps the strange, misunderstood gimmick of the 'preferential vote' will be decisive. Surely an odd, incoherent situation in which to demand full independence and the complete, unfettered management of all affairs, European and African. Yet all three parties do so. Meanwhile, the Africans are watching these European manœuvres with some cynicism. The two million Africans have only 1,600 votes compared with the 55,000 yielded by 200,000 Europeans.

Colombo

A Talk with Bandaranaike

Bruce Renton writes: Today Ceylon is in the grip of an official 'emergency' over riots which have been caused by both internecine trade union disputes and communal tension arising out of the status of the Tamil language. Last week I talked at length with Mr Bandaranaike, who was quietly optimistic about the chances of a successful outcome to both these grave problems. The nature of my interview sheds a revealing light on the realities of a state of emergency in this placid island.

The Ceylonese soldier, in khaki shorts and curled-up hat, did not halt my taxi outside the Prime Minister's Colombo bungalow. It is significant that, even in the disturbed scene of today, the Prime Minister feels no need to take even the orthodox precautions taken by his western counterparts. I waited on the verandah, listening to the magnificent chant of insects. There were tropical plants in vases, orchids on the table by the Visitors' Book, and an ash-tray in the shape of an elephant's foot. Mr Bandaranaike is a small, charming person, with spectacles. The British old hands say he is weak, and that consequently Ceylon will go red any day. What they really mean, of course, is that he is collaborating with the Socialist forces of the country to put an end to feudalism and imperialism. I asked Bandaranaike about the prospects of the British tea planters. Had he not promised in his electoral manifesto to nationalise the plantations? No, he

had not promised it, specifically. At any rate, tea would not be nationalised in the near future, and, when it was, there would be full compensation for everybody concerned. 'We have already nationalised the port of Colombo, and the bus transport. Our hands are full'.

Since there was no agreement in the world, there had to be understanding and reasonably friendly relations with the Communist countries. 'We do not bind ourselves to the chariot wheels of either capitalism or Communism. Ceylon has only recently acquired its freedom and we will take what is best from both worlds.' A committee had been formed for the reform of the constitution. The result would be a republic, but – in the official view – a republic in the Commonwealth. 'Politically,' said Bandaranaike at the end of our talk, 'I believe in democracy. Economically I am a Socialist. Culturally, we stress our literature, art and religion (Buddhism)'. These were the three elements of Ceylonese society. The country would not go Communist. What they were aiming at was the Scandinavian pattern of society.

Later I saw Mr Pieter Keuneman, leader of the Communist Party, in his tropical bungalow. His English wife poured tea. He explained that relations between the CP and the government had hitherto been good, although they were now a little strained by the strikes. Ideologically speaking, the first task of the CP was to support the bourgeois-nationalist revolution that was being carried out in Ceylon. Only later would the problem arise of moving on towards a Socialist state. The CP's policy towards the government was one of 'union and struggle' simultaneously. The CP supported the government in many measures and at the same time supported the strikes of the workers. The CP wanted a republic outside the Commonwealth, nationalisation of foreign capital and plantations. The country should have an industrial and not a plantation economy. The current strikes would arouse popular feeling in favour of such measures. Keuneman summed up his party's attitude to the government like this: 'It is a nationalist government as far as imperialism is concerned, and bourgeois as far as the working class is concerned'.

Tahiti

Trouble in Paradise

A Correspondent writes: A political crisis in Tahiti is not the kind of thing to set the chancelleries of the world agog. It is not without interest, however, that nationalist effervescence should some weeks ago have reached even this isolated outpost of French colonialism.

Until the end of the last war Tahiti was administered in accordance with the old French colonial pattern by a governor with the advice of an appointed council. The islanders were politically apathetic and the small cosmopolitan community of officials and businessmen basked in the sunshine of government favour. This idyllic state of affairs was first shaken in 1945. Colonial reform was among the most far-reaching of the changes introduced on the birth of the Fourth Republic. The Empire disappeared, to be replaced by the French Union. Tahiti did not share with the 'old' colonies (Réunion, Martinique, etc.,) promotion to the status of a French *département;* but it did obtain a fully elective assembly.

Hitherto politics had been confined to the somewhat academic matter of the occasional choice of a deputy to be despatched to Europe. Now they became centred on local issues. Rival interests very soon became organised in parties, by far the largest being the Rassemblement Démocratique des Populations Tahitiennes. Supported by the native voters, it holds a majority of the seats in the Territorial Assembly and consequently selects the Councillors who advise the Governor. Thus for the first time the white settlers and officials found themselves under the jurisdiction of natives. Race prejudice is no stronger than it is generally in French possessions; indeed the Polynesians are regarded as decidedly superior to other indigenous folk. But they have always been looked on with a certain patronising condescension. This has turned – in some cases at least – to downright contempt since they have obtained a measure of authority. The RDPT is described (without justification) as out-and-out 'Communist' and the local Cabinet is the butt of many jokes. But it is not their lack of ministerial qualifications for efficient government that has really angered the European community, nor even occasional vapid talk of demanding independence. As usual it is the threat to the pocket that has broken the camel's back.

Up till now revenue has come almost exclusively from customs duty, which is very high on all imports other than French. Consequently it weighs heaviest on the poorest – the native section of the population. It is also quite inadequate if any progress is to be made in providing a better health service, improving the roads and financing other public works such as the huge airstrip that would make Tahiti the air-junction of the South Pacific. Accordingly the Assembly passed, in April, a law providing for the introduction of income tax. It is well known that this form of taxation is anathema to French people.

The Opposition found no difficulty in arousing the united hostility of the shopkeepers of Papeete, where about a third of the island's total population is concentrated. A two-day 'strike' was organised during which every place of business was shut. To give the whole movement a popular air the Tahitians were led to believe that the Assembly had acted tyrannously and unconstitutionally in view of a pledge given to Queen Pomare, when she accepted a French protectorate in 1843, that her subjects would never be taxed or conscribed. Even before the 'strike', public meetings had raised feeling in the capital to a fever of excitement. When the shopkeepers put up their shutters one day in mid-May a crowd said to be 4,000 strong marched on the Territorial Assembly and demonstrated outside its building clamouring for the repeal of the tax.

Then, rather belatedly, the French authorities decided to intervene. Detachments from the military and naval bases appeared and dispersed the crowds with fire hoses. The only casualties were the 57 windows of the Assembly building. The demonstrators, however, driven from their first objective, were now in search of even bigger quarry. They made their way to the Governor's Palace and besieged the grounds. He hastened to assure them that the obnoxious law would be repealed and the hubbub subsided. The next day he summoned the Territorial Assembly while outside the demonstrators gathered once again. But this time they were in a peaceful and confident mood. Only a short session was required to abrogate the income-tax law. As the legislators left the partly wrecked building the victorious party gathered in groups to listen to soap-box orators and to sing loyally the *Marseillaise*.

NEXT WEEK

Tito and the Kremlin

A report from Belgrade

The first of two important articles on the situation in Yugoslavia today

by NORMAN MACKENZIE

Westminster

Do Not Disturb

(c) baths, wash tubs, wash boards, ironing boards, shields and stands for smoothing irons or pressing irons, clothes line posts, clothes props and clothes airers (other than heated airers). – *(Mr H. Wilson.)*

Or:

(c) dustbins, buckets, pails, pedal-operated sanitary bins, coal hods and coal scuttles. (Mrs White.)

Mr. Emanuel Shinwell may have exaggerated a little when he said that, during the last few days before the House rose for Whitsun, the world had been 'almost in flames'. But I doubt it. Tension in Lebanon, in Tunisia, in Algeria, in Metropolitan France was mounting with each hour that passed. It seemed that Britain's direct interest in the Middle East, in Nato, in the present East-West line-up, as well as her natural but indirect interest in French democracy, was threatened. But some future historian who ploughed through Hansard to find how the House of Commons had reacted would not see there even a pallid reflection of great events. He would, it is true, find a perfunctory reference to the rail settlement and the bus strike. But there was no discussion on the floor of the House. What discussion there was had taken place behind closed doors in an upstairs committee room where Mr Watkinson, the Minister of Transport, Mr Macleod, the Minister of Labour, and Mr Heathcoat Amory, the Chancellor, had succeeded in persuading Mr Peter Thorneycroft and others to bend their financial principles and let pass, for the good of the party, a small slice of selective Danegeld. Rail settlements, even proposed settlements for Cyprus, are not, it seems, for the House of Commons. They are for meetings in private rooms. The House must busy itself with buckets and – since it has now gone into recess for 17 days – presumably with spades.

Parliamentary preoccupation with minutiæ at this time of year is, of course, no new thing. We used to have prolonged debates on the Entertainments Tax – whether it was fair that Sheffield Wednesday should pay the tax when Anfield Thursday was exempt or whether Mrs Bessie Braddock's view of boxing was preferable to the view held by Dr Edith Summerskill. That at least has been stopped since Entertainments Tax no longer affects sport. But Purchase Tax remains; and for days on end we discuss whether or not it should be levied on lipsticks as well as on false eyelashes, on lavatory seats as well as on chests of drawers, on harp strings (whether or not made of nylon) and harps (whether used for sound or for vision only) as well as on musical boxes.

These debates, though often entertaining, are no more than barren exercises in constituency log rolling. Each speech is good for half a column in the local newspaper but it has no more effect on the Chancellor of the Exchequer than a football spectator has on the decisions of the referee. Regularly the House of Commons argues these mat-

ters for a whole week without once persuading the Chancellor to change his mind. It is in fact probably true to say that what used to be the traditional power of the House – to supervise and control the raising and spending of money – has now almost vanished. The reversal of the Chancellor's decision on retrospective legislation was a rare exception. That the House should so waste its time is, at the best of times, deplorable and is already leading to demands that procedure for dealing with the Finance Bill should be streamlined. But even if, after the passing of no more than the usual number of years, some such reform is accepted, it is unlikely that the time of the House will be much better employed than it is at present unless the leaders of the two main parties adopt a different attitude to the House. Today, if members of the same party have differences, they are urged to argue in the comparative secrecy of a committee room and to remain silent in the House: the result of all formal debates between the two sides is known before the first speech begins; and as for outside dealings, whether with the Transport Executive or with foreign governments, the less anyone in the House has to say about these, the better – until, of course, an agreement has been reached, when it is convenient to have the House rubber stamp it. It was possible, this last week, for the House, within its rules, to have debated any or all of the great issues which confront the world. But neither the government nor the opposition, which had a Supply Day, found the time. So the historian of the future, researching into a week in which the post-war world moved towards crisis, will find that the House of Commons, busy with pedal-operated sanitary bins and clothes props, was kept carefully out of trouble. Like a young child who might be a nuisance, or an old woman who must not be worried.

J. P. W MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Crisis Coverage

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FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Prelude to de Gaulle

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General Massu, who a few days before said in an interview with the *Evening Standard* that the Pflimlin government was living its last hours, was not joking. Even those who were sceptical about the French attitude to the Pflimlin-Mollet team (who continued to claim that the rebel generals in Algeria were acting under their orders) did not expect the deterioration of authority of the government would be so fast and so wide. But after Corsica, the fact became plain: if part of the army refuses to obey the legal government and is not punished, then all the other sections of the army and the security forces are inclined to do the same without fear or hesitation. It was a current joke last weekend that the typists at the Hotel Matignon would obey M. Pflimlin only if they were in a good temper.

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had not promised it, specifically. At any rate, tea would not be nationalised in the near future, and, when it was, there would be full compensation for everybody concerned. 'We have already nationalised the port of Colombo, and the bus transport. Our hands are full'.

Since there was no agreement in the world, there had to be understanding and reasonably friendly relations with the Communist countries. 'We do not bind ourselves to the chariot wheels of either capitalism or Communism. Ceylon has only recently acquired its freedom and we will take what is best from both worlds.' A committee had been formed for the reform of the constitution. The result would be a republic, but – in the official view – a republic in the Commonwealth. 'Politically,' said Bandaranaike at the end of our talk, 'I believe in democracy. Economically I am a Socialist. Culturally, we stress our literature, art and religion (Buddhism)'. These were the three elements of Ceylonese society. The country would not go Communist. What they were aiming at was the Scandinavian pattern of society.

Later I saw Mr Pieter Keuneman, leader of the Communist Party, in his tropical bungalow. His English wife poured tea. He explained that relations between the CP and the government had hitherto been good, although they were now a little strained by the strikes. Ideologically speaking, the first task of the CP was to support the bourgeois-nationalist revolution that was being carried out in Ceylon. Only later would the problem arise of moving on towards a Socialist state. The CP's policy towards the government was one of 'union and struggle' simultaneously. The CP supported the government in many measures and at the same time supported the strikes of the workers. The CP wanted a republic outside the Commonwealth, nationalisation of foreign capital and plantations. The country should have an industrial and not a plantation economy. The current strikes would arouse popular feeling in favour of such measures. Keuneman summed up his party's attitude to the government like this: 'It is a nationalist government as far as imperialism is concerned, and bourgeois as far as the working class is concerned'.

Tahiti

Trouble in Paradise

A Correspondent writes: A political crisis in Tahiti is not the kind of thing to set the chancelleries of the world agog. It is not without interest, however, that nationalist effervescence should some weeks ago have reached even this isolated outpost of French colonialism.

Until the end of the last war Tahiti was administered in accordance with the old French colonial pattern by a governor with the advice of an appointed council. The islanders were politically apathetic and the small cosmopolitan community of officials and businessmen basked in the sunshine of government favour. This idyllic state of affairs was first shaken in 1945. Colonial reform was among the most far-reaching of the changes introduced on the birth of the Fourth Republic. The Empire disappeared, to be replaced by the French Union. Tahiti did not share with the 'old' colonies (Réunion, Martinique, etc.,) promotion to the status of a French *département;* but it did obtain a fully elective assembly.

Hitherto politics had been confined to the somewhat academic matter of the occasional choice of a deputy to be despatched to Europe. Now they became centred on local issues. Rival interests very soon became organised in parties, by far the largest being the Rassemblement Démocratique des Populations Tahitiennes. Supported by the native voters, it holds a majority of the seats in the Territorial Assembly and consequently selects the Councillors who advise the Governor. Thus for the first time the white settlers and officials found themselves under the jurisdiction of natives. Race prejudice is no stronger than it is generally in French possessions; indeed the Polynesians are regarded as decidedly superior to other indigenous folk. But they have always been looked on with a certain patronising condescension. This has turned – in some cases at least – to downright contempt since they have obtained a measure of authority. The RDPT is described (without justification) as out-and-out 'Communist' and the local Cabinet is the butt of many jokes. But it is not their lack of ministerial qualifications for efficient government that has really angered the European community, nor even occasional vapid talk of demanding independence. As usual it is the threat to the pocket that has broken the camel's back.

Up till now revenue has come almost exclusively from customs duty, which is very high on all imports other than French. Consequently it weighs heaviest on the poorest – the native section of the population. It is also quite inadequate if any progress is to be made in providing a better health service, improving the roads and financing other public works such as the huge airstrip that would make Tahiti the air-junction of the South Pacific. Accordingly the Assembly passed, in April, a law providing for the introduction of income tax. It is well known that this form of taxation is anathema to French people.

The Opposition found no difficulty in arousing the united hostility of the shopkeepers of Papeete, where about a third of the island's total population is concentrated. A two-day 'strike' was organised during which every place of business was shut. To give the whole movement a popular air the Tahitians were led to believe that the Assembly had acted tyrannously and unconstitutionally in view of a pledge given to Queen Pomare, when she accepted a French protectorate in 1843, that her subjects would never be taxed or conscribed. Even before the 'strike', public meetings had raised feeling in the capital to a fever of excitement. When the shopkeepers put up their shutters one day in mid-May a crowd said to be 4,000 strong marched on the Territorial Assembly and demonstrated outside its building clamouring for the repeal of the tax.

Then, rather belatedly, the French authorities decided to intervene. Detachments from the military and naval bases appeared and dispersed the crowds with fire hoses. The only casualties were the 57 windows of the Assembly building. The demonstrators, however, driven from their first objective, were now in search of even bigger quarry. They made their way to the Governor's Palace and besieged the grounds. He hastened to assure them that the obnoxious law would be repealed and the hubbub subsided. The next day he summoned the Territorial Assembly while outside the demonstrators gathered once again. But this time they were in a peaceful and confident mood. Only a short session was required to abrogate the income-tax law. As the legislators left the partly wrecked building the victorious party gathered in groups to listen to soap-box orators and to sing loyally the *Marseillaise.*

NEXT WEEK

Tito and the Kremlin

A report from Belgrade

The first of two important articles on the situation in Yugoslavia today

by NORMAN MACKENZIE

Westminster

Do Not Disturb

(c) baths, wash tubs, wash boards, ironing boards, shields and stands for smoothing irons or pressing irons, clothes line posts, clothes props and clothes airers (other than heated airers). – *(Mr H. Wilson.)*

Or:

(c) dustbins, buckets, pails, pedal-operated sanitary bins, coal hods and coal scuttles. (Mrs White.)

Mr. Emanuel Shinwell may have exaggerated a little when he said that, during the last few days before the House rose for Whitsun, the world had been 'almost in flames'. But I doubt it. Tension in Lebanon, in Tunisia, in Algeria, in Metropolitan France was mounting with each hour that passed. It seemed that Britain's direct interest in the Middle East, in Nato, in the present East-West line-up, as well as her natural but indirect interest in French democracy, was threatened. But some future historian who ploughed through Hansard to find how the House of Commons had reacted would not see there even a pallid reflection of great events. He would, it is true, find a perfunctory reference to the rail settlement and the bus strike. But there was no discussion on the floor of the House. What discussion there was had taken place behind closed doors in an upstairs committee room where Mr Watkinson, the Minister of Transport, Mr Macleod, the Minister of Labour, and Mr Heathcoat Amory, the Chancellor, had succeeded in persuading Mr Peter Thorneycroft and others to bend their financial principles and let pass, for the good of the party, a small slice of selective Danegeld. Rail settlements, even proposed settlements for Cyprus, are not, it seems, for the House of Commons. They are for meetings in private rooms. The House must busy itself with buckets and – since it has now gone into recess for 17 days – presumably with spades.

Parliamentary preoccupation with minutiæ at this time of year is, of course, no new thing. We used to have prolonged debates on the Entertainments Tax – whether it was fair that Sheffield Wednesday should pay the tax when Anfield Thursday was exempt or whether Mrs Bessie Braddock's view of boxing was preferable to the view held by Dr Edith Summerskill. That at least has been stopped since Entertainments Tax no longer affects sport. But Purchase Tax remains; and for days on end we discuss whether or not it should be levied on lipsticks as well as on false eyelashes, on lavatory seats as well as on chests of drawers, on harp strings (whether or not made of nylon) and harps (whether used for sound or for vision only) as well as on musical boxes.

These debates, though often entertaining, are no more than barren exercises in constituency log rolling. Each speech is good for half a column in the local newspaper but it has no more effect on the Chancellor of the Exchequer than a football spectator has on the decisions of the referee. Regularly the House of Commons argues these mat-

ters for a whole week without once persuading the Chancellor to change his mind. It is in fact probably true to say that what used to be the traditional power of the House – to supervise and control the raising and spending of money – has now almost vanished. The reversal of the Chancellor's decision on retrospective legislation was a rare exception. That the House should so waste its time is, at the best of times, deplorable and is already leading to demands that procedure for dealing with the Finance Bill should be streamlined. But even if, after the passing of no more than the usual number of years, some such reform is accepted, it is unlikely that the time of the House will be much better employed than it is at present unless the leaders of the two main parties adopt a different attitude to the House. Today, if members of the same party have differences, they are urged to argue in the comparative secrecy of a committee room and to remain silent in the House: the result of all formal debates between the two sides is known before the first speech begins; and as for outside dealings, whether with the Transport Executive or with foreign governments, the less anyone in the House has to say about these, the better – until, of course, an agreement has been reached, when it is convenient to have the House rubber stamp it. It was possible, this last week, for the House, within its rules, to have debated any or all of the great issues which confront the world. But neither the government nor the opposition, which had a Supply Day, found the time. So the historian of the future, researching into a week in which the post-war world moved towards crisis, will find that the House of Commons, busy with pedal-operated sanitary bins and clothes props, was kept carefully out of trouble. Like a young child who might be a nuisance, or an old woman who must not be worried.

J. P. W MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Crisis Coverage

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repeated his readiness to take over power and re-establish the authority of the government. Only the next day the Prime Minister heard, with all other Frenchmen over the radio, de Gaulle's declaration – delivered as if he was already the chief of state.

Demoralised, disorientated, the workers lost complete faith in the willingness of the Republican leaders to keep the promises they had given on 13 May, when they unanimously affirmed that they would uphold Republican institutions. The divisions between the Socialist, Christian and Communist unions prevented them from acting jointly to call a national strike, and they decided to take action separately – the Communists on last Tuesday and the others the following day. The strikes were not very successful except in particularly militant sectors such as mining and engineering. But Wednesday's demonstration in Paris, organised by the parties of the centre and gate-crashed by large numbers of Communists, was a startling success. Hundreds of thousands of people marching to the Place de la République bore witness to what might have been if only there had been effective working-class leadership ten days earlier – when such a demonstration could perhaps have scared the generals into second thoughts.

So far from offering such leadership, M. Mollet, as well as M. Pflimlin, has been playing a kind of double game for many days. Determined to prevent a Popular Front, they have been at the back of all the manœuvres which were designed to bring in General de Gaulle by constitutional means. M. Mollet seems to have been the key figure in these operations; and it is widely rumoured here that de Gaulle came to Paris on Monday night only after having received a private and equivocal letter from the General Secretary of the Socialist Party. But this time, to the great surprise of M. Mollet, who usually judges to a nicety the feelings of his followers, while he himself was discussing with President Coty the most appropriate procedure for regularising General de Gaulle's arrival, the Socialist parliamentary group took up a hostile attitude against any compromise with a candidate for personal power. The Socialist Deputies went so far as to express openly their willingness to make common cause with the Communists. Guy Mollet's devious plan seems, as I write, to have been rejected by his party because the Socialist Deputies are not willing to play the same role as their predecessors in 1940, who disgraced themselves by voting Pétain into power.

During Tuesday's apparently decisive debate, it became clear that, whatever the intentions of Pflimlin and Mollet, there was little chance that de Gaulle could obtain a constitutional majority in the Assembly. Even the resignation of the government over the so-called constitutional reform did not work the way it was expected to. Indeed, if M. Pflimlin was justified in refusing to count Communist votes in his favour, he could as logically claim that the Communists are not members of the Assembly at all. In that case the two-thirds majority required by law would be only 220 votes. This he got. He got much more, in fact, and he was not compelled to hand in his resignation when he did. It was all part of the pressure which was being applied to Socialist and Radical Deputies to persuade them to vote de Gaulle to power.

A printing worker to whom I spoke on Tuesday afternoon while he was setting the type of an article which proclaimed the inevitable arrival of de Gaulle told me: 'In 1940 I was a soldier in Limoges, and for a week we were told by our superiors that we would crush the Germans. Then after a few days of confusion some people explained to us that the war was over and we had lost. I never fought, and nobody asked me to. Now the situation is the same. After so many wars and compromises we shall be told that we lost the battle of the Republic without ever having the opportunity of trying to stop our enemies'.

And this is the simple truth: the French Republic is collapsing this week because of the treason of its leaders, unable and unwilling to mobilise the energies of those who want to avoid the new occupation of France. There is no doubt that the new regime will be dominated by the French in Algeria, who have in common with those of metropolitan France only the name. General de Gaulle can play the role of a Neguib, but if he tries to carry out his personal policy, he will soon be replaced by a new Nasser. The only question and the only hope is: Can a country of 43 million people be betrayed and its capital city occupied by a million fanatics? Those who refused during the two crucial weeks to stand fast and prevent this probably did not understand that they were preparing the way for the much stronger insurrection which is bound to come and for a dictatorship by settlers and soldiers in France.

Paris K. S. KAROL

London Diary

My guess is that we shall look back upon 28 May 1958 as one of the crucial black days of history. No one would suppose this from the comments of the popular press in this country. An optimistic friend who knows France well differs from me on the ground that de Gaulle has in the past stood not only for a drastic revision of the French constitution (about which all Frenchmen broadly agree), but also for a federal solution of French North Africa (about which he quarrelled with Soustelle) and a settlement with Soviet Russia. I should like to believe that he still holds to these views, but even if he does I should say that no one who has the 'support' of Massu and his paratroops has a chance of giving them effect.

* * *

General de Gaulle's advent to power in France will cause some delicate calculation among British political leaders. Conservatives will want to welcome him because he is anti-Communist; and the fact that he is also anti-American and anti-parliamentarian – at any rate, as parliamentarianism has been practised recently in France – will not make their welcome any more chilly. On the other hand, de Gaulle is anti-Nato and, as a traditionalist seeking French security against the German menace, he is capable of an independent deal with Russia. Labour instinctively opposes de Gaulle. But if French Socialist leaders support him, and even join his government, official Labour is likely to hesitate before condemning him; and if he were to make an independent approach to Russia many Labour rank-and-filers might support him. Altogether, the attitude of the two main parties is likely to be one of 'wait and see'; which brings me to the Liberals. I predict that the Liberals, too, will say nothing unless there is bloodshed –

in which case they will condemn violence – with greater zest, of course, if it starts, or is made to look as if it starts, from those who do not happen to be in authority.

* * *

Behind the Hindenburg figure of de Gaulle falls the ugly shadow of Massu and his private army. And behind Massu, what? Evidently a gang of politicians – Biaggi and Arvighi are examples – who make such old-timers as Mollet, Faure and Pflimlin look like knights in shining armour. Less evidently some powerful commercial interests. Marcel Boussac, who controls the extremist Paris daily *L'Aurore*, and Alain de Sérigny, the proprietor of *L'Echo d'Alger*, are not in the newspaper business for fun. Big French capitalists are more and more interested in the commercial exploitation of the Algerian Sahara. If Algeria can be kept safe for French investment, they expect a very big killing in the next few years. In the Sahara reserves of at least a hundred million tons of oil have already been established. Recently a substantial oil field has been developed south of Touggourt and oil is precariously flowing through the pipes. The estimated maximum yield is five million tons. There are prospects farther west. Natural gas has also been discovered far in excess of the present needs of Algeria. One of the world's largest deposits of iron ore has been found, as well as manganese, copper and tin. The Hoggar *massif* is now being explored for atomic minerals. It has also been established that under a vast area of the northern Sahara there exists a fresh water 'sea', the nodular sandstone aquiser of the Albienne Nappe, which is replenished by the rains of the Atlas and which can be tapped by artesian wells. The French, having ignored the Sahara for the hundred years of its occupation, now regard it as a property worth the blood of many Frenchmen and more Algerians.

* * *

Many people here feel deeply about the way things have gone in France, and I'm glad that this week will not pass without some demonstration of support for French democracy. On Friday evening, an emergency meeting is being held in the Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, at 7.30 p.m. The speakers already arranged include Isaac Deutscher, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Doris Lessing and Basil Davidson. I gather that there will also be recorded messages from France – one from Jean-Paul Sartre. Though this meeting has been organised at two days' notice, I'm confident that it will be a success.

* * *

People who are afraid of facts – known in the nuclear controversy as emotional propaganda – should keep away from the exhibition at Friends House, 120 Heath Street, Hampstead. (They are, of course, likely to find this more difficult if the exhibition moves to the centre of London, as well as to other parts of England.) It opened on Whit Monday, and as the sun came out in the afternoon, the number of holiday-makers who turned aside to see it, steadily grew in number, and surpassed the expectations of the organisers. It is a carefully constructed, under-stating and scientifically vetted display of the effects of nuclear bombs. It finally exposes such arguments as that there is no great difference between block busters, A- and H-bombs. The relative size is shown in a diagram in which the little thing that fell on Hiroshima looks like the earth by the side of the sun, and a block buster like the moon by the side of Jupiter. But to me the most terrifying thing is not the photographs of human agony produced by nuclear bombs, but the quotations from our great leaders. Here is Eisenhower saying that he would use the A-bomb 'immediately' if he 'thought that the net gain was on our side'; Duncan Sandys saying that: 'Atom weapons of the power of the Hiroshima Bomb are now regarded as primarily suitable for the tactical use by troops in the field'; and General Montgomery as saying that it is 'absolutely certain' that a 'show-down' must come between Communism and Democracy.

* * *

There is plenty of useful reading for people who want more scientific information of the non-emotional kind. They can read Schweitzer's three broadcasts now obtainable as a pamphlet (*Peace or Atomic War?* A. & C. Black, 2s.). Then there is the story of what happened to 23 fishermen who strayed too near (some hundreds of miles) to the Bikini test in 1954. This is told now in narrative form with a foreword by Pearl Buck, in *The Voyage of the Lucky Dragon* (Muller 18s.). To be especially recommended is a new pamphlet in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament's series by Benn Levy, who argues the case for unilaterally giving up the H-Bomb from a strictly practical and non-pacifist position. So fearsome is the scientific evidence of ghastly genetic changes from nuclear fall-out, that there seems to be rather more chance of America following Russia's lead in abandoning tests. But when I read that Teller and other leading nuclear advocates are coming round to this point of view, I fear that the reason may be that America, like Russia, has now reached the end of the tests that the military advisers still insist upon. By the time they get round to calling a halt to the tests, the British may also have completed their summer series. In that case, the Labour Party, which advocates immediately abandoning tests, will only, I'm afraid, be able to claim a limited kudos.

* * *

It is always a bad sign when governments start deporting journalists, and I am sorry to see that the Central African Federation has expelled Miss Rosalynde Ainslie, the British representative of *Africa South*. Miss Ainslie was investigating conditions in the Federation – a matter which closely concerns the excellent South African liberal quarterly that she represents – when, on 2 May, she was detained at Ndola, fingerprinted, and told to get out of the Federation within 24 hours. Presumably this action was taken under the clause in the Immigration Act which permits the Governor General to declare anyone a prohibited immigrant 'on information received from other governments'. In short, the British *colons*' black list has been used again, as it was used against Basil Davidson three months ago.

* * *

It would be strange if the practice of parking vehicles all day in the streets didn't lead to some *ad hoc* enterprises. Apart from the men at the car parks who get a shilling a time for shouting 'hard over now, straighten up, easy' to drivers who are not listening, and the men who use pieces of gas piping with which to open the locked doors of promising vehicles, I've heard of lorry drivers making additional perks by allowing buyers at markets to use a waiting lorry as a kind of temporary warehouse. More often than not, the lorry hasn't the remotest connection with the market business – it may have a load of goods to collect, hours later, at an address nearby for the return journey to some distant town. The last case I heard of came to light when a dried fruit lorry reeked of fish. Now I hear of a company that cleans your car in the street. This kind of thing started in a small way – I remember reading, a year or two ago, about two girls who were earning their living round the world by cleaning parked cars; and I've had my own car washed down in the street by a likely looking applicant. I learn now that I was aiding and abetting this chap in the commission of an offence punishable with a 40-shilling fine under the Metropolitan Police Act, 1839. You mustn't 'clean, make, or repair any cart or carriage in any thoroughfare or other public place to the annoyance of the inhabitants or passengers'. The company that does this has been told to stop. I suppose it is feared that when the parking meters get going, we shall see motorists cleaning each other's cars to earn the money to put in the meters.

* * *

I see that the law has at last caught up with the fact (which may not be more than thirty years old) that most lightweight motor cycles, having no batteries, can sound their hooters only when their engines are running. The other day a policeman thoughtfully pressed the hooter button on an unattended motor cycle, got no response, and prosecuted the owner on the ground that the 'warning instrument' was not efficient. The motor cyclist told the magistrates (who may have known already) that the hooters on these vehicles worked when they were going along, that this was what the law required, and that to sound the horn when stationary would in any event be an offence. He was discharged. I suppose the policeman himself was lucky in a way: if the hooter had conformed to *his* standards, and gone off, he could have been prosecuted for the success of his experiment.

CRITIC

De Bello Gallico

'All Gaul is divided' (J. Caesar)

The Francophil who loves to read
His Sartre or Weil or Proust or Gide
Or finds the chestnut bud
Stir his romantic blood.

Must now, in harassed moments, scrape
Acquaintance with the ticker-tape;
For Paris (worth a Mass)
Is merely Massu's Ass.

Since first Algeria began
To feel more metropolitan
(Given a Nazi stench
To prove that it was French).

The *mission civilisatrice*,
With paratroops to play police
And torture, too (because
So very French it was).

And Nato arms (because the Wogs
In military catalogues
Are entered in the list
As 'maybe Communist').

Sufficed. But the Praetorian Guard
Must turn to foul its own back-yard:
So, hailed by rebel drums,
A pinchbeck saviour comes,

A Cincinnatus of the soil
To give Sahara blood for oil,
Or Scipio, whose 'phone
Hears Voices (like St Joan).

A Caesar he, ere long (de Gaulle)
With self-selected aureole,
Egging his satraps on
Behind his Rubicon. . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Holidays and Sundays are the best-selling days. But when Thomas Wall, son of the firm's founder, was told Sunday was a super sales day, he only consented on condition that a special service was held for salesmen before starting their rounds.—*Daily Express.* (J. Walker.)

The other day a coloured girl came into my local post office and bought a stamp.

Then she stood looking at it for a couple of minutes and smiling at the picture of the Queen. There was such love and respect in her eyes.

How can anyone talk of racial segregation?—Letter in *Daily Sketch.* (John Walters.)

We have recently moved into a house on the outskirts of Windsor Forest, and I am told it is quite usual to run into a member of the Royal Family in the Park. In this case should I curtsey? Or should I try to be as inconspicuous as possible?

It is more correct to acknowledge the presence of members of the Royal Family if they pass you in the Park, because to make yourself invisible, out of respect, might look like ignoring them.

The solution is a special kind of little bob curtsey, which can be done anywhere, and which will probably be acknowledged by a smile, or even a wave of the hand.—*Woman & Home.* (D. Mann.)

Thoughts on the Censorship

If you were to put a discarded possession—an old pair of trousers, a wireless set or a tin of sausage, say—on top of your dustbin just before the dustmen came, would you be expressing an opinion about its condition? Not according to the Home Office, the Director of Public Prosecutions, the Police and the Customs authorities, to judge from the evidence they gave to the Select Committee on the Obscene Publications Bill about their respective shares in the condemnation of a book. 'Some person in authority looks at it,' said Sir Frank Newsam (then the Home Office Under-Secretary), 'at whatever level is considered appropriate,' and

> if that person thinks it is obscene it is referred to the Director of Public Prosecutions. I ought to make it clear (because I would like to vindicate the Home Office in regard to some accusations which are made against us) that we do not prosecute or express an opinion on it. If we think the thing wants looking at, then we refer it to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

The Director is Sir Theobald Matthew. What happens when he gets it? 'I cannot set up my personal judgment or the judgment of my department,' said Sir Theobald, 'as to what is calculated to deprave and corrupt as a standard;

> I am trying, to the best of my ability, to understand the standard which is being applied by the Courts, and to take a decision as to whether there is a *prima facie* case. That is their standard, not mine.

Mr Elwyn Jones asked him whether, when he was in doubt, he erred on the side of prosecution. 'I think I actually cover myself,' he replied, 'by putting it before the Treasury counsel for advice. I am always preaching to my department, and to myself, that we are not the people who decide whether something is obscene or not.'

Who is, then? The committee pressed on. Without seeming quite so cagey, the Customs witnesses must nevertheless have made an even more confused impression on the committee—which, by the way, emerges as about as skilful and pertinacious a group of questioners as the Home Secretary could possibly have assembled. The chairman (at this stage it was Sir Patrick Spens) wanted to know what was the actual responsibility of the Customs Preventive Officer at the counter. He elicited from Mr B. Rose, a principal in the Board of Customs and Excise, that, although a book had been condemned by the courts in this country, no action would be taken by the Customs unless one of its officers happened to spot that book and make up his own mind, independently, that it was obscene. Of course, in doing this (the witness told Mr Chuter Ede) he would be guided by the fact that it was on the Customs black-list, and also by 'his own common sense, and by anything he had read as to the ruling on a particular book'.

There are about 60 books on the list, said Mr Rose. He gave the committee a copy of it, which, alas, we are not to be allowed to see. 'But,' said Lord Lambton, looking at the list, 'how does a book like *Ginger Man* come to be on it? This book is to be seen coming into the country, and is on sale in every bookshop in this country now. Why? What is the sense of that?' The Customs witnesses were lost: they had absolutely no idea. But they agreed with Mr Elwyn Jones that practically the whole of Jean Genet's works, even in French, had been on the list for five years, 'entirely on the pronouncement of the Commissioners of Customs and Excise', and that the list included books about which no court had ever pronounced.

Over, then, to the police. Among the more interesting things they told the committee was that in 1956, in London, '77 disclaimers were acted upon'. A disclaimer, the committee ascertained in the course of prolonged questioning, is a printed form, invented by the police themselves, upon which a bookseller whose shop they have been searching can declare his detachment from the disgusting things they have been finding. 'I do hereby disclaim ownership,' it says primly, 'to the above items of property seized by the police from my bookshop at (address) on the date . . . 195 . .'. This system began in 1949, said one of the police witnesses, who gave it a perfectly sensible basis:

> In so many cases the courts and the police went to the trouble of getting summonses to show cause why the material should not be destroyed, and very frequently the owner wrote in at the last minute and said he did not want to dispute the proceedings. That left the magistrate with the stuff there and nobody to dispute it. And in these cases disclaimers were obtained.

I should call this the frankest piece of evidence the committee got from the official side. There it was: take it or leave it. No one attempted to deny that a disclaimer form really says 'Sign this or else', or that among any large batch of 'disclaimed' garbage there may always be one or more works of literary genius. It remains to be seen, now that this fully grown cat is at last out of the bag, whether parliament will want to kill it. I think that, if the police evidence is read thoroughly, the cat will be reluctantly put back. Indeed, said the Commissioner of Police in answer to Mr Roy Jenkins, 'if you could possibly deal with the really filthy stuff in a different way from the way in which you deal with the borderline stuff, then it would be very helpful to the police'.

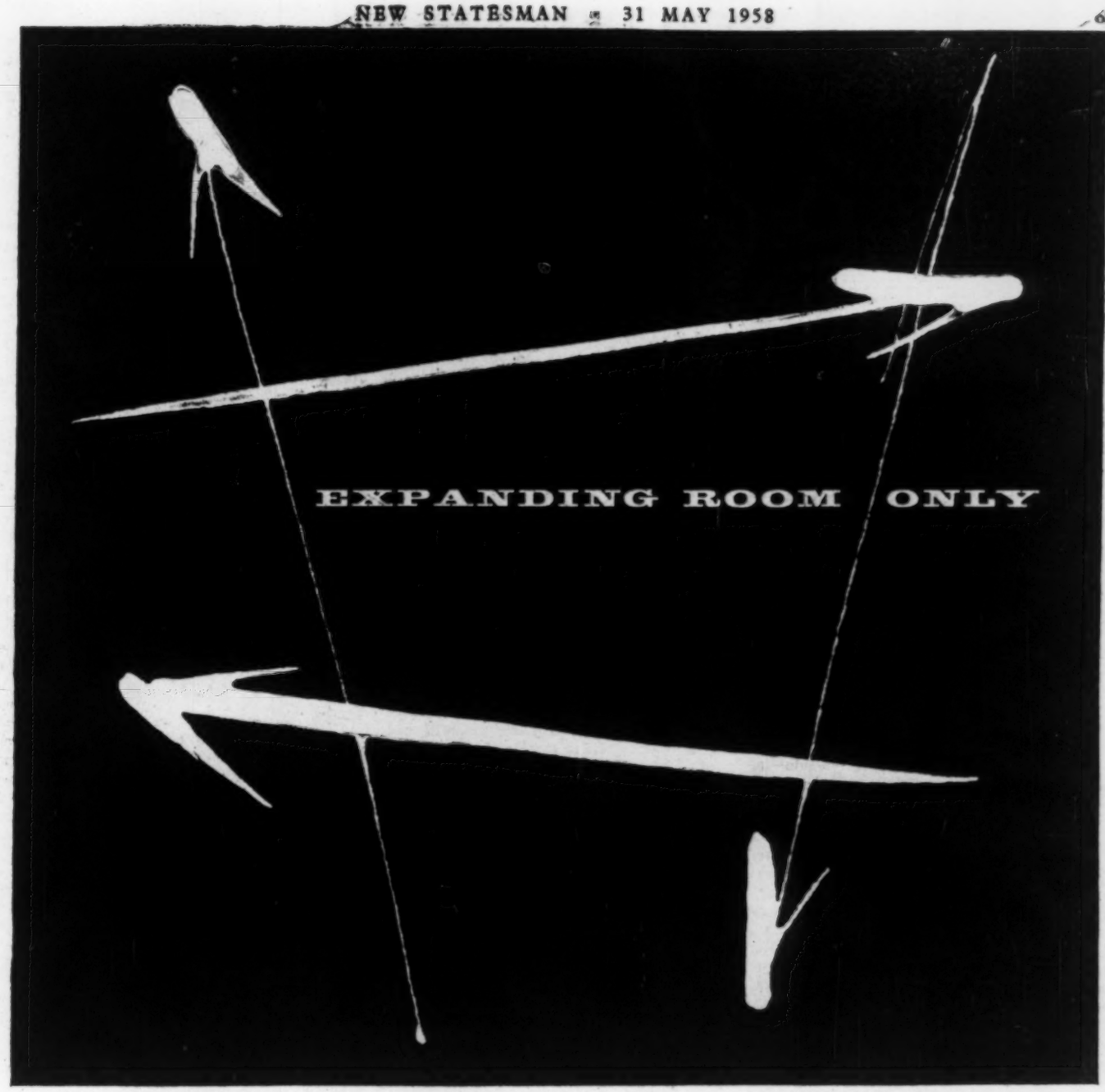
It was natural enough that the police, in their evidence about raids on bookshops, should use the present immunity of the wholesaler as an occasion to press for statutory sanction to do what at present involves the taking of chances. They urged that a search warrant should be obtainable without proof (which the law as it stands requires) that the sale of an obscene book has actually taken place. It should be enough to tell a magistrate, on oath, that such books are believed to be on the premises suspected. It is difficult enough, they find, if you look anything like a policeman, to buy these things at a retail shop; but, because it is quite impossible to buy them direct from the wholesaler, and therefore to get a warrant to search his premises, it is the wholesaler who reaps the biggest rewards unscathed. All this is true enough.

But what's this about not being able to look at the retailer's stock-books? The police seldom display diffidence about 'turning things over' when they arrest people at home for felony or misdemeanour, and more often than not they are considered to have been justified by the results. A raided bookseller is not a person under arrest, but the police are lawfully in his shop, even over a broken front door; and, being in, all they need is a mild dash of the confidence that has already given birth to the system of 'disclaimers'.

I suppose the surprise of the whole thing to most people will be the fair and objective evidence given by the Public Morality Council, who always attract unmerited abuse—and, if they do their peculiar job, always will. They want to see the end of the Common Law indictment for 'obscene libel'; they think that proceedings against publishers, etc., should depend for their success upon proof of an 'intention to corrupt'; they think it 'fair and just' that the courts should 'bear in mind . . . the trend of the whole book and not rely on any isolated passage'; they think that expert evidence should be admitted in deciding whether a book is obscene; they think it 'just and right' that the author, printer and publisher should be entitled to defend their books. And, as if by way of corroborating the statement of the police about their difficulty in buying obscene publications for use as evidence, the Public Morality Council put in a collection of *erotica* that is said to have made everyone else's look wholesome.

Certain it is that no one can now adequately discuss the book censorship problem until he has read this evidence. It is published in two separate parts: the first (No. 122), which costs eight shillings, contains the minutes of evidence given to the Select Committee appointed in 1956 to consider a bill promoted by the Herbert Committee. It had finished its work when the parliamentary session ended—and both committee and bill accordingly came to an end. A new committee, mainly the same people, was appointed in the next session—to consider, this time, not a bill but the questions that the now defunct bill had raised. The report of this second committee (No. 123-1), which costs 3s. 6d., escaped notice for a few days after its publication, and it has still received little attention; it contains the report already published (on 20 March) as a White Paper, plus *some* of the evidence it heard. The '123-1' suggests that there may be more to come (and this is what the Stationery Office thought when I asked them); but I now learn that in fact there is no more to come, though the report lists a good many witnesses whose evidence is not published. Still, what is published is enough to remove every excuse for not knowing how the obscenity laws are operated, to give point to last week's news that the government will introduce next session an Obscene Publications Bill of its own, and to provide, at the same time, a document that would itself have been unprintable 20 years ago.

C. H. Rolph



The companies in the GKN Group are concerned with steel from start to finish; they know steel from A. to Z. There is practically nothing in steel that the GKN companies here and overseas do not—or cannot—make. Take but one example—Sankey of Wellington, one of the four works of Joseph Sankey & Sons Ltd. at Wellington, Sankey specialise in large scale pressing, welding, precision machining and assembly work of all kinds—separately or together. They make more steel vehicle wheels than anyone else in Europe; they make a large proportion of Britain's chassis frames; they manufacture Sankey-Sheldon office furniture, tank transporters, and washing machines by the thousand. One of their latest enterprises is a range of automatic vending machines to dispense hot and cold foods and drinks. Only a short while ago, the Sankey output of wheels was 12,000 a day. Now it is 15,000. Such expansion is typical of Sankey and typical of the GKN group as a whole. To anyone who knows where he is going and wants to get there quickly, there is no limit to the expanding room that GKN can offer.

THE GKN GROUP OF COMPANIES FOR ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN STEEL

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Petrol Fiesta

APART from being a bolt-hole for the retired, Man is a parochial, lethargic island, lush in summer but in winter punitively bleak. At least that's how you recall it if you haven't experienced the TT season, which begins in May. From then onwards, the talk in buses, pubs and cafés draws upon two sources only: either the esoteric jargon which includes 'Moto-Guzzi' and 'multis' or the fainéant, elated rhetoric of the spectator, compact of 'just missed' and 'if only'.

First come the practices. The roads are closed between 6.30 and nine in the evening, as well as for the first two hours after dawn. If you care, you can go and watch, armed with data, picking your spot according to the spectacle you seek. At Ballaugh Bridge an inconvenient bump assists riders into the air for several yards. At Sulby, another bridge, a rider has to aim himself at a well-tried wall, and then swerve at the last minute. But perhaps most spectacular is the full-speed run where it is often difficult to pick out even the rider's number.

The crowd is worth watching too; at one moment prodigiously alert for the next leather-clad rider to hurtle or twist through with the snarl of an efficient rip-saw; then strangely despondent, as if to deplore the lack of misadventure. The rapt, buttocky girls come into their own then, and promenade in sloppy joes, jeans and, quite often, crash helmets borne like emblems of piety. Most people watch them, fancying or despising them. A few initiates scribble on speed-charts. The odd renegade scampers across the hallowed road. Comes the rip-saw and the people crowd to the ropes and freeze. The bike recedes and burrows into the hills again.

Some riders take it easily during the practices. All the wise ones do. Last year, in the race itself, one rider achieved the desideratum of the 100 mph lap, and another was killed. The day after the senior race I heard a bus passenger, a Manxman, complain of having wasted a bet on the latter. 'Ay,' retorted the conductor, 'but think of *his* disappointment!' About the two main races themselves there's something of paradox and anti-climax. If you've seen the riders practising daily for a fortnight, the rite is all too familiar. What really impresses the local observer is the ballyhoo that goes on until Black Sunday, which is when the pre-race fans pack the roads, and when real competitors and the populace remain safe in hotel and home.

There is obviously a good deal of skill and courage to all this. The course is fraught (as is any Manx road) with acute turns and sudden changes of gradient. There is mist in the hills, sudden and bewildering at 80 miles an hour. Vibration and concentration sap the nerves. Flies plaster the windscreen. If the man in front of you comes to grief, the chances are that you will too. You have to know the course and map it mentally; presence of mind isn't enough; luck is rare.

It's an international event, boosting the summer season in which Douglas pullulates with Wakes Weekers and day-trippers, and Ramsey becomes choked with those in pursuit of a quieter holiday. The moneyed and neurasthenic and disapproving keep to their retreats or explore the north of the island. If they have the misfortune to live near the course, they will be buzzed awake at dawn, and their children will sleep only towards sunset. But if they have an eye to profit, and a talent for resignation, the most unprepossessing front garden (or better, balcony or upper window) can be let—with refreshments.

To venture out and study the fan is worth while. In a most unnatural habitat—softly moulded hills, trout streams, chaste neat villages and thick woods, with the cold sea and its narrow deserted beaches never far off—he appears like a displaced spaceman, in crash helmet, leathers, gauntlets and flying boots. The more pretentious (or the more dedicated) paint numbers on themselves and, thus equipped with magic, carry no girl on the pillion. The connoisseur can choose, according to the plethora of advertisements, tunics of 'unparalleled stiffnitude'—'engrossed grain fabricated PVC in black, brown, wine, turquoise or bottle green' or 'a plasticated tested fabric' with four zip pockets. Some of these suits have been 'specially moisturised'. You can get 'lancer-shaped front and epaulette shoulders; trousers made with zip side for easy entry'. There is the Black Panther suit as well as the Skooterjak, slick and functional, reminding one of Cocteau's own motorcyclists and conferring on the wearer an air of macabre virility. The fans ride the course, slowly, in groups of ten or so, like dreaming scholars over fabled ground. But off the bike the fan tends to ape Marlon Brando; and, as he stands, talking form with his women, he's a rare one who doesn't quietly flex and bunch his shoulders as the magic coat exerts its power.

The presiding gods have altars prominently displayed—Castrol, Mobiloil, Mobilgas, Dunlop, in gargantuan letters which inflate the words almost beyond significance. At the word of the god all grunt obeisance and thump starters. There are two courses:—the Clypse, for sidecars and lightweights, and the Mountain, 37¾ miles long. Both are essential to the Island's metabolism, its economy and its newspapers. Hell breaks loose but not apart. A friend of mine went into a Douglas ironmonger's to buy a claw hammer. It was a well-stocked shop; but he had great difficulty in purchasing the model he wanted instead of the non-claw, cheaper version that the shopkeeper produced as a 'better buy'. There's a strange fusion here of impracticality and canniness. It fortifies the native against those paradoxes which infuriate sophisticated 'come-overs'. There is a mystique peculiar to these resilient folk. Their buses travesty the timetable; yet, for several months a year, every second is precious. The bacchanalia of speed shake 'the teardrop in the Irish eye'. But they don't shake the Dunlop men in white coats and red sashes. The yearly rendezvous with disaster is the year's pivot; and the island's motto is *quocunque jeceris stabit*. For a few weeks of the year it appears necessary to translate it as: Wherever thou skiddest thou shalt remain on two wheels.

This year, Man is a grieving island: not a family but it lost a close or 20-miles-distant member in the Winter Hill air crash. And this year the thunder of commercial competition won't get the usual attention from the Manx, who will go through their motions but will at heart be trying to redefine that motto: Wherever you throw it, it will stand. The Manx emblem looks ironically like a three-bladed airscrew; the heart of standing is you cannot fly, as William Empson said. So the question that Manxmen may put to the fairies becomes one about flying, speed and engines. And the whimsy that charms or nauseates the visitor supplies a refining and assuaging touch. The sound and fury of the petrol fiesta will go on, but this year meaning nothing—or more than enough.

PABLO

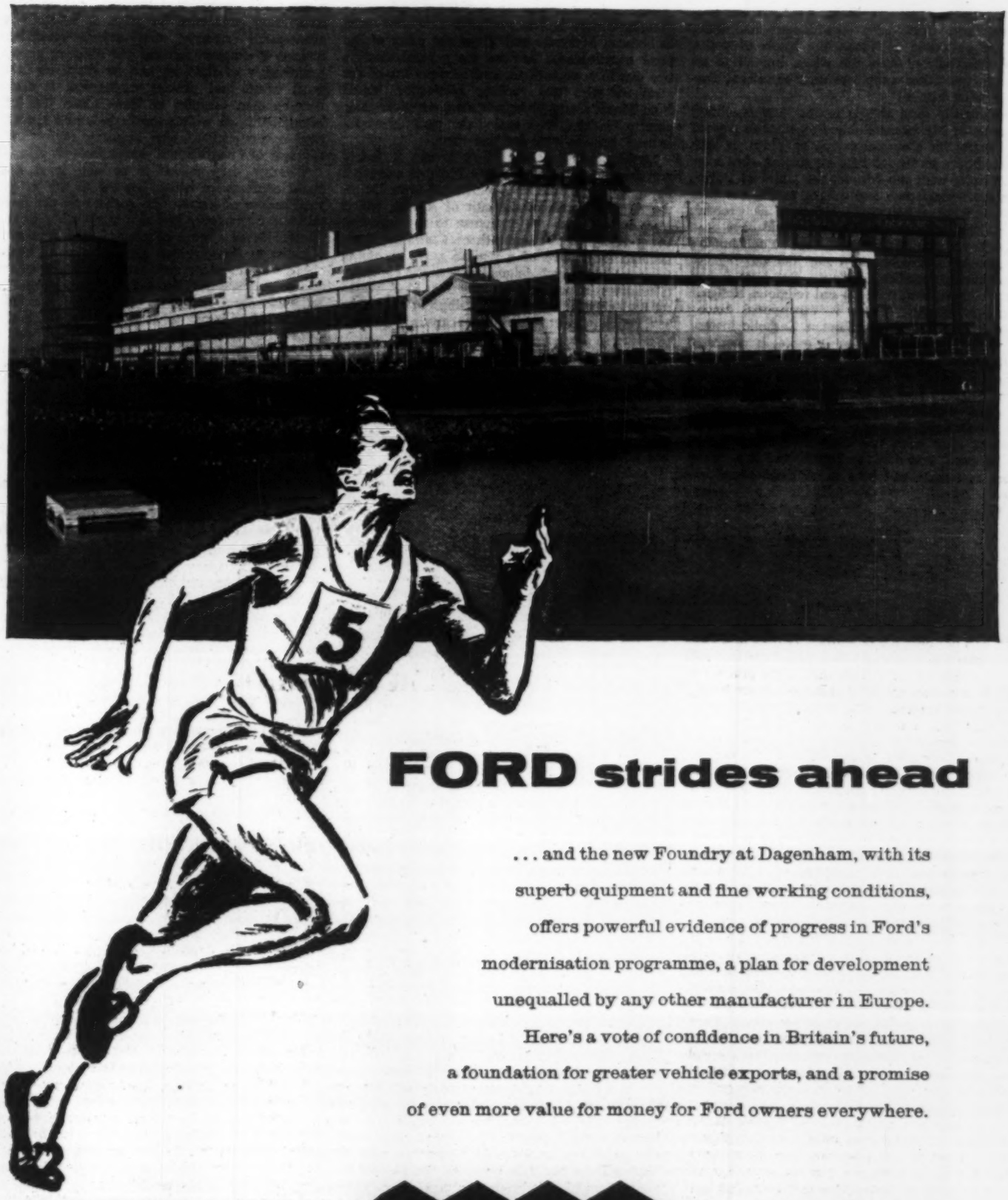
Pelican Politics

IN Greece recently I was privileged to witness an outstandingly improbable event. We were on the quay at Mykonos in the Cyclades, waiting in the dark for the arrival of the inter-island boat that was to take us back to Athens. There is always a crowd of local inhabitants on such occasions, but last night the crowd was much larger and more excited than usual. Suddenly there were shouts of 'Erkete, Erkete'—he's coming, he's coming'—the same shouts which had greeted the King when he visited the island a year or so back. A small fishing caique emerged from the night, heading towards us. On its prow there stood—not a King, but a white pelican. As the boat neared the jetty the bird roused itself from dignified immobility to spread its great wings. Excitement mounted. The crowd pressed forward, laughing and cheering. The pelican was lifted out, chaired shoulder high, and eventually carried off by its proud proprietor—a Mykonos fisherman—to sleep in his little house.

With aid from some Greek friends we pieced the story together. The pelican's return had averted a serious inter-island feud. But let me begin at the beginning. Two years ago, three birds, apparently young and tired, detached themselves from a flight of wild pelicans and descended on the sea just outside Mykonos harbour, to be captured by a local fisherman. Two died, but the third survived and flourished, to become the pride of the town. For most of each day he sits quietly on the little esplanade bordering the harbour in front of the cafés and shops, composedly awaiting the arrival of someone who will buy him a fish or two. Then he opens his enormous yellow beak with the pouch of mauve skin below it, and gulps the fish down. Now and again he takes a little exercise, flying powerfully but rather ludicrously round the harbour and back; and sometimes his master or some other fisherman takes him out for the day on his boat. He enjoys these excursions as much as a dog enjoys being taken out in a car. If an inquisitive dog approaches too close, one opening of the great beak is enough to send him into retreat. He was christened Petros—Peter—and speedily became the mascot of Mykonos. The shops are full of postcards of him—standing on his master's shoulders with outspread wings, or begging for fish, or just posing. The hotel managers and the restaurant proprietors point him out as one of the outstanding *Sehenswürdinkeiten* of the place.

I have written *he*, in accordance with his official *état civil:* but after some six months 'he' laid an egg. . . . However, Petros he had been christened, and Petros he remained. Yesterday morning a telephone message brought grave news to Mykonos. Petros had been kidnapped. He had taken a more extended flight than usual and had come down on the neighbouring island of Tinos, naturally on the esplanade of Tinos town: and there he had been captured.

Immediately a crop of rumours and atrocity stories sprouted. 'They' had clipped his feathers: they had pinioned him: they had removed him to a secret prison: they had painted him a different colour to prevent him being recognized: they had murdered him. . . . 'the brutes', as the Mayor



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FORWARD WITH FORD OF DAGENHAM

was saying, very loudly and excitedly, to all and sundry in the public square. Meantime the telephone had been busy – the Mayor had rung up his colleague of Tinos, the heads of police had confabulated over the wires, but all to no effect: the Tinos people refused to release Petros – 'what brutes!'

Eventually (and this is to me very touching) a group of Mykonese clubbed together to pay for the petrol for a special caique to Tinos. It took them hours to secure Petros's release – but after interviews with the Mayor, the Chief of Police, the local Magistrate and others, they succeeded; and we were witnesses of their triumphant return.

In England, such an incident would have been trivial – a manifestation of the Englishman's permanent childishness, a rag like the rags of irresponsible medical students. But here it had implications, both political and religious. Religion came in because Tinos is exceptional among Greek islands in being Roman Catholic instead of Greek Orthodox. What is more, it possesses a miraculous statue of the Virgin, which appeared one fine day in the sea, and now draws enormous crowds every year on her festival day, 15 August. A number of Mykonese (women mostly) publicly announced that they would not attend the Tinos festival after what the Tinosans (if that is the right word) had done to Petros; and it is pretty sure that there will be a much diminished contingent to Tinos from Mykonos this August.

Politics came in because they come into everything in Greece. In this particular case, they came in because Mykonos and Tinos are parts of the same constituency, because the general election was due in a week or so, and because one of the members who was seeking re-election hailed from Tinos. Many Mykonese men, whatever their party affiliations, were saying that nothing would induce them to vote for this man.

Looking back on the day's events, I feel I may have been present at the birth of a legend. Mykonos is the base from which one visits Delos, the Aegean centre of the cult of Apollo, which owes its religious pre-eminence to the fact that the god deigned to be born there. Could Mykonos become the centre of a pelican cult, stemming from the bird which deigned to seek the company of humans in preference to its own kind, which miraculously (or at least surprisingly) changed its sex; which permitted itself to be captured in order to return in greater glory?

The Greeks are very prone to re-naming streets. Will they perhaps re-name the Cyclades the Pelecanese (where a Pelecanesian war was just averted)? Perhaps not, in these modern days: but assuredly Petros will become a legend and will attract many pilgrims, in the shape of tourists, if not of worshippers.

JULIAN HUXLEY

The Arts and Entertainment

Cannes, 1958

IT was not only the news from Algiers and Paris that gave the final junketings at Cannes this year a macabre air of self-parody. (Bunuel's *L'Age d'Or* came frequently to mind.) Somehow from the start there had been a sense of unreality about the festival, a feeling of disappointment. Last year's programme had been memorable. *Kanal* and *A Generation* revealed and established the new young Polish cinema; *The Seventh Seal* confirmed the status of Ingmar Bergman; new directors of importance were introduced from Russia, East Germany and the Argentine; *Bachelor Party* suggested that the intelligent realism of Chayevsky and the young TV directors might be able to save Hollywood from itself. In all, 1957 was an attacking festival that seemed to confirm, in spite of the systems that conspire to thwart it, the persistent force of creative, significant cinema.

This year the opposition hit back. It was the turn of the commercial and ideological orthodoxies to assert their power to frustrate and deform. Not that the festival was altogether without works of quality. There were two pictures that could fairly be called outstanding; a good handful of interesting, worth-while films; but the rest was dross. Naturally the result was fatigue and irritation among the critics. But it is worth remembering that failure is often as significant as success; and the sad truth is that this year's programme at Cannes probably represented the situation of the cinema in the world today far more justly than last year's. Even the successes had the air of being achieved in spite of, rather than because of, the systems that produced them.

Take, for instance, the Russian winner of the Grand Prix, *The Cranes are Flying*. Not merely does this represent a splendid revolt against the reactionary tradition of socialist-realism that has kept poetry out of the Soviet cinema for the last twenty years. The free, exuberant use of the camera is paralleled by a new freedom of statement. Boris's father is a Party member; but he is not delighted when his son, aged 20, volunteers to go off to the war. Nor is Boris's girl, Veronique: she is in love with him, and she is frightened to be left alone. In spite of herself, she allows herself to be seduced, and marry another man. But she is nonetheless the heroine of the film – and there is no happy ending. We see, too, that life on the home front in Russia was not all copy-book heroism, but included its human share of scroungers, cowards and black-marketeers. Of course, such honesty only strengthens the lyrical, positive message of the film; but it comes as no surprise to learn that the traditionalists among Soviet film makers have disapproved of it vehemently. One can only hope that its international success will support the principle of free expression which it affirms.

Once again, in *The Cranes are Flying*, the resources at the disposition of a Soviet director, the crowds, the vast locations, are enough to make film makers in the West go limp with envy. (Compare the impossibility here to do justice to a theme like *Dunkirk*.) The contrast with the other outstanding success of the festival could hardly be more marked. Jacques Tati's *Mon Oncle*, a brilliant satire on contemporary heresies of scientific, hygienic living, is set modestly enough in three essential locations: M. Hulot's own delightful suburban square; the geometric, automated box in which his sister lives with her husband and her little boy; and the plastics factory where his brother-in-law unwisely supposes that Hulot will be able to work like a respectable, time-keeping functionary. The cast is small, and, apart from Tati himself, without big names. What made the picture an expensive one (which it was) was plainly the time it took to shoot and edit. *Mon Oncle* is a miracle of that refinement which can only be accomplished by concentrated, infinitely patient work: far from being a streamlined, unfaltering procession of gags, it is really an avant-garde comedy that rejects traditional notions of dramatic tension and effect as uncompromisingly as Bresson; and its satire on bourgeois values and phoney modernism is nearer Ionesco than Chaplin or René Clair. To have brought this off within the bounds of a speculative, commercialised film industry represents a triumph of integrity and determination.

Whether they realise it or not, it is their social conformism which has led to the present total eclipse of British film makers on the international scene (only at home can *Orders to Kill* be considered a work of protest); the Rumanian *Thistles of Baragan* was revolutionary in everything except spirit; and, from Spain, Bardem's *Vengeance* is a melodramatic allegory ruined by an inhibiting censorship. Commercial pressures, on the other hand, seem to account for a disappointing work from Satyajit Ray, whose *Philosopher's Stone* is a makeweight comedy, undertaken before his Venice prize last year enabled him to go ahead with the marvellous trilogy he began with *Pather Panchali* and *Aparajito*. Most disappointingly of all, the American TV avant-garde, represented by Delbert Mann and Martin Ritt, seems to have got caught up in the Hollywood big-picture system, and reduced to impotence. *Desire Under the Elms* is a sad comedown for the director of *Marty* and *Bachelor Party*; and in *The Long Hot Summer* (from Faulkner) Ritt is far from living up to the promise of *A Man is Ten Foot Tall*.

I have no space to discuss fully the relative successes of the festival, which include a new picture from Greece by Michael Caccoyannis, *A Matter of Dignity*; an engaging Tunisian folktale, *Goha* by Jacques Barathier; and an obsessive exploration of a maternity ward by Ingmar Bergman, *Brink of Life*. These are all decent films, and, together with some promising young work from Hungary and Czechoslovakia, they should turn up at this year's London festival in the autumn. But for all their quality, they could not redeem Cannes, 1958 from being, on the whole, a rueful and disturbing occasion.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

A New Dramatist, or Two

A NEW play by a new playwright, *The Birthday Party*, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, invited us to peer between the lines of the seedier reports of the *News of the World*. In a run-down boarding house in some windy seaside town Meg and Petey crumble inarticulately together. Petey is the man who sets out the chairs on the front, and then gloomily collects your threepence. Meg, like a character out of a John Bratby painting, feeds him on a diet of cornflakes – when she remembers to buy any. In the last two years there has been one 'guest' and he has become a 'permanent', a fat, pudgy, short-sighted young man, Stanley – not so young now either, a little backward evidently, but Meg has made him her spoiled boy, and her meagre life is brightened by the indulgence she lavishes on him.

The first act which establishes this situation is wryly, sadly, rather terribly, funny, making play in the very latest contemporary manner with the pathos of clichés softly and repetitiously reiterated, over and over. It reveals the author, Mr Harold Pinter, as an off-beat comic writer of very considerable promise, and the whole odd maddeningly elusive play is shot through with

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quality. But like so many writers who are 'young' and 'promising', Mr Pinter is unable to resist the temptation to fly off into the symbolic. What a pity it is that German is not better known among young writers – they might learn by innumerable examples from that literature how fatal that temptation is! And what a pity that *Waiting for Godot* was so successful that others think they can repeat the unrepeatable (when even Mr Beckett can't!).

Two mysterious, inexplicable strangers, Goldberg and McCann, a slick Jew and a renegade Irish priest and/or gunman, arrive to persecute the pudgy Stanley. They are Death or Doom or Conscience or Something or Other. They organise a party for Stan and drive him to a murderous breakdown and then carry him off in a very large car with a very large back part, that we must suppose to be a hearse. We do not know exactly, and by this time we do not frankly much care. The Symbols have broken up the party in every sense and an arrestingly comic beginning has become a fashionable mess.

A highly talented cast under Mr Peter Wood, who so brilliantly directed *The Iceman*, play the piece with an assurance and finesse which convinces us that they and he understand it, and almost persuade us that we should. Miss Beatrix Lehmann has a wonderful way of getting for her awful croaking, angular moron sympathy as well as laughs. Twitching, twining, preening, with sudden dips into terror and sudden hops into elation, she is the thing itself, unaccommodated, slatternly housewife. Mr Richard Pearson, all blubber and spite, is the nasty child experiencing its first dose of love late in life and dangerously uncertain, now grasping and now rejecting. Mr John Slater gives edge and assertion to his unexplained Jew, Mr John Stratton a sinister sliminess to his gunman jackal, and Mr Willoughby Gray is tenderly real as the chair man. Mr Peter Wood does a very great deal to keep this collection of oddities within the bounds of the credible. This was a play which deserved an Arts theatre audience, who are prepared to indulge a young author in the belief that they are sitting in at the birth pangs of an undiscovered talent. The gamble with Mr Pinter would be a good one.

It is easy to see why the English Stage Company should have been attracted to *Flesh to a Tiger* by a West Indian writer, Barry Reckord. Its setting, a shack town in Kingston, Jamaica, is rawly contemporary; and its subject – the terrorisation of the inhabitants by a black-magic group – gives the producer a wide scope for creation. Still it is somewhat dismaying that they should not have perceived that nothing that producer or designer could do would make up for a script so immature as to amount to the incompetent. This failure of discrimination displays just that literary insensibility which vitiates so much of the theatre's work and which one expects the English Stage Company to counter.

The earnest sincerity of the author is obvious enough: it kills almost every scene stone dead. His heart is large and in the right place but, though with an undoubted talent for writing, he has no control over his medium, no sense of dramatic dialogue, no feeling for a scene, and little notion of shape. The result is an evening of intensity without engagement, of passion without conviction: and it seems very long. His story is told in the terms of egregiously crude melodrama. There is the very good mother and the very sick baby. And two parties contend to save it. There is the very evil Shepherd, leader of a sect who will save it by magic; there is the very Somerset Maughamy English doctor who is saving it by drugs but would exact as a price the mother's self-respect. Torn between the two, she will kill her own child and blame it on Shepherd in the hope of discrediting him, and when that device fails, will stab him to death and give herself up. Mr Reckord's heightened prose doesn't at any time succeed in redeeming this tale from its crude and unconvincing black-and-white.

Mr Tony Richardson, the director, and Mr Loudon Sainthill, the designer, do manage to do a good deal towards covering it up. We seem to smell the decay in this shanty-town run up on corrugated iron, old cans and slats – the detritus of an urban civilisation. And as soon as the text allows him to collect a knot of people, demonstrating, grieving or rhythmically beating out their crazy mixture of the Christian myth and voodooism, Mr Richardson uses them to create an atmosphere, menacing and hag-ridden, which carries conviction; and his lighting and sound effects are very suggestive too. What he cannot get is any conviction from his actors in situations devoid of all reality. Only Miss Cleo Laine, sustaining the long part of the mother, ever gets so far as to convince us that she could act, given the material.

T. C. WORSLEY

More About Schubert

WE can never have too much of Schubert, or too much about him. Though not the greatest of composers, he often seems the most indispensable: the one whose absence would leave the greatest gap of all. In his enormous output, still largely unknown, there are of course weak pages; yet he is a man whose unfamiliar work nearly always repays attention. When something rare by Beethoven or Schumann turns up, we listen as in duty bound – and are often disappointed; but Schubert, though he could be repetitive or thoughtless, is hardly ever stodgy or dull: there is always movement, a charming glint, some swerve of melody or harmony to beguile and hold the attention. His slightest and his grandest compositions have in common the priceless asset of spontaneity; and perhaps that is why we value him so highly today, when our leading composers, whatever their merits, rarely sound as though they are improvising or making music for the sheer joy of it.

Maurice Brown, our leading English Schubertian since the death of Richard Capell, recounts in the course of his new critical biography of the composer* a story which is new and charming, and which illustrates just this element in his art. In 1862 two friends of whom he was particularly fond, Leopold Kupelwieser and Johanna Lutz, got married and at their wedding party Schubert improvised dance music (as was his frequent custom), insisting on remaining at the piano throughout the evening. During the second World War, Mr Brown tells us, 'Richard Strauss in the course of a conversation with a lady discovered that she was a descendant of the Leopold Kupelwieser whom Schubert knew. She was Frau Mautner-Markhof, a granddaughter of Paul Kupelwieser, the second son of Johanna and Leopold. She then went on to tell Strauss of a strange family tradition. During Schubert's improvisation, one waltz tune so charmed the bride that she never forgot it. As the years passed her three sons grew up quite familiar with the tune, heard from their mother's singing and playing, and they, in turn, passed the tune on to their sons and daughters. Eventually, in 1943, Frau Markhof played it to Strauss'. Strauss wrote it down, and Mr Brown prints for us, unharmonised, this Schubert waltz-tune which had been preserved by ear for over a hundred years. It would be nice to think that, a hundred years hence, some snatch of Webern or Boulez might similarly come to light. Nice, but unrealistic.

In stressing the spontaneity of Schubert's art, I must not give the impression that Mr Brown falls into the old error of treating him as an inspired child-genius, without learning, application or artistic conscience, who never blotted a line and never sketched or planned his larger works in advance. On the contrary: much of the book is devoted to the refutation of all such nineteenth-century notions, which are far indeed from the truth. And this utterly false view of Schubert is falsely supported by an immense number of biographical legends – about the composer sleeping with his spectacles on his nose, scribbling *Hark, hark, the Lark* on the back of a menu card, 'dashing off' long instrumental works while his friends are waiting to go for a walk, and so on and so forth: all rubbish, we now learn, and pernicious rubbish too, since they have fostered a wrong and ultimately a diminishing impression of his genius. In clearing away this undergrowth of legend, Mr Brown is too good a musician to fall into the opposite error: he does not try to present Schubert as a learned or laborious type of composer. However false the legends, they are a feeble attempt to embody an undoubted truth; that an inexhaustible supply of the raw material of music, so to speak, lay closer to Schubert's hand than to that of almost any other composer. One cannot imagine him at a loss for an idea; the bucket had to be dipped only a very little way, we feel, into that limpid well to come up overflowing. How noticeable it is, by the way, that images drawn from water recur whenever we try to speak of Schubert's music: the very look of his pages, as Capell observed at the outset of his great book on Schubert's songs, 'suggest a rippling movement, and by the side of the rippling a flowering'.

Indispensable and delightful to the confirmed Schubertian, Mr Brown's book is not quite the perfect introduction to its subject. It falls a little between stools, devoting so much space to the scholarly rebuttal of legend, to a general clearing up of dates and other tangles, as well as to the details of posthumous publication and reputation, that less room than we should have liked is left for the discussion of the music itself. What Mr Brown has to say on this subject is always enlightening and sensible, and often original; we could have done with more of it. The reader who likes to find some fairly detailed comment on all the principal works, and something about most of the lesser ones too, will probably do better with Einstein's monograph (Cassell, 25s), even though that great man, who was not a Schubert specialist, permitted himself a few eccentricities of judgment of which Mr Brown is incapable. The latter is a spirited, but not always a graceful or correct writer; his spelling of proper names (such as 'Kalbech' and 'Habaneck' and the names of several Czech musicians) is oddly vague for so good a scholar. But his general picture of Schubert, both as man and as musician, is doubtless the most accurate yet drawn. Like all modern Schubertians, he has had the inestimable advantage of the lifetime labours of Dr O. E. Deutsch, who now rounds off his Schubert trilogy with an admirable collection of personal memoirs† running to 500 closely-printed pages, copiously annotated, handsomely illustrated and thoroughly indexed. Even though we have been warned to take so many of them with a grain of salt, these obituary notices and intimate recollections of the composer are most enjoyable to read and give us an incomparably

* *Schubert: a Critical Biography*. By MAURICE J. E. BROWN. *Macmillan*. 30s.

† *Schubert: Memoirs by His Friends*. Edited by OTTO ERICH DEUTSCH. *Black*. 70s.

vivid picture of the day-to-day in Schubert's Vienna. And everything about Schubert is interesting.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Villains are Easier

LEONID RAKHMANOV'S play, *The Troubled Past*, stated to have been included in the MAT's London repertoire because of its modern international theme, is in fact over twenty years old, and becomes international (if that is the right word) during only one early speech.

And so why should this painstakingly worthy tale of a botany professor's struggles during the Revolution have been chosen to elbow out Chekhov for four performances at Sadler's Wells? Even as an example of Moscow's domestic fare it is not impressive; save for the gruff professor and his wife, the characters are lifeless in the worst traditions of Soviet realist drama. The quartet of reactionary Menshevik students, for example, who announce their intention of boycotting the professor's lectures, come no nearer to being real people than do the sailors who replace them as an audience and march off afterwards via the volume knob of an amplified gramophone. Of the two Assistants, the good one Bocharov (played with unflagging charm by Pyotr Chernov) is stolid and reliable; the bad one Vorobyev (Leonid Topchiev) lacks the strength to present evil as something to be feared: one puff and he is gone. But his vacillations at least give him a sort of perverse interest. After he has been disgusted by a brutal murder in the bread queue (an incident obscured by some meaninglessly inaccurate comments in the programme note), he returns home and promptly complains that the fish he has been carrying has made his hands smell. It may be that villains are always easier, but this is the stuff of which dramatic characters are made; Mr Rakhmanov should have used more of it with the heroes, instead of tacking slogans on to them or making them read passages from helpful newspaper articles out loud. Though it is Vorobyev, too, who is burdened with the more obvious histrionic touches: tears, protestations, sudden tantrums. The others suffer insults, partings by the war, house searches and ministerial prejudice with a wooden stoicism that quickly becomes recognisable as dedication to science, although they keep assuring the audience that it is no such thing.

There are touches of humour, it must be admitted, and these are brought out well by two convinced performances from Georgy Koltsov and Olga Androvskaya as the professor and his wife, but do they have a chance against this sort of exchange?—

Professor (*quietly*): Tell me, have you seen Lenin?

Bocharov (*simply*): Many times [*pause with eyes fixed on distance*] at the Smolny.

Professor: And talked with him?

Bocharov: And talked with him.

The producer, N. M. Gorchakov, has tried to keep things moving where possible, though he clearly gives up amid the padding of Act 4, and the decor looks authentic. But it is all such old and dusty hat.

The play's title (*Restless Old Age*) has somehow reached us as *The Troubled Past*. I had decided that there was hardly enough likelihood of anyone mistaking the play for a contemporary description to warrant such cautious back-dating, until I remembered what can be read into Dickens's boy chimney sweeps.

RICHARD NEWNHAM

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Electronic Muezzin

ONE of the world's tallest television masts rises from a woody hill outside the charming industrial garden-city of Stuttgart, where I lately spent a few days. It is a slender, tapering tower rather than a mere mast, and bulges near its top into a massive four-storey crow's-nest, containing a large restaurant, studios, and look-out platforms, which gives it, seen from a distance, something of the look of a minaret. The Germans are not yet so generally obsessed by television as the British and Americans are: in the Federal Republic regular TV broadcasts began as recently as 1952, and there are only about 1½ million sets (compared with 13 million radio-sets); but viewers are increasing at the rate of 60,000 sets a month, and in a few years' time not many Germans will be out of reach of the message broadcast to the faithful from the transmitters of Süddeutscher Rundfunk and the rest of them.

The structure of broadcasting in Western Germany is complex, but suited to the conditions of the Republic; and administration seems to be as satisfactorily decentralised as possible. Both sound radio and TV are controlled by nine public corporations, representing the different *Länder*. The composition of the boards of governors of these corporations varies: most of them consist of delegates from political parties, churches, universities, trade unions and so on; but the members of the board of the important Westdeutscher Rundfunk (which serves Cologne and other large cities with a population owning some three million radio-sets) are elected by the *Landtag*. The smallest corporation has an audience with 200,000 sets.

As there is at present only one television programme in Western Germany (compared with 18 sound-radio programmes), television is in the special care of two committees – one technical and one concerned with programmes – whose members are drawn from the nine boards. Each regional corporation is allowed a percentage of the single TV programme – in proportion to the number of radio-sets in the area.

I had time only for a few fleeting glances at German TV, but I gather that its programmes do not, so far, reproduce too closely the familiar Anglo-American pattern. Quiz programmes, indeed, are popular, but the prizes are relatively modest; one of the highest is 6,000 DM – about £500. (There has been both Roman Catholic and Lutheran opposition to big prizes.) There was also a German equivalent of the Groves – the Schölermann family. This ran for some three years but came to an end because the children started growing up too fast. Brains trusts, however, uninhibited discussion programmes, and 'needle' interviews, of the *Press Conference* or Robin Day types, are not yet being produced successfully. I try not to generalise about nations: it was my German informants who told me that 'the Germans' were still 'too stiff' to be good at that kind of thing. They instanced a TV forum in which young people of various nationalities had taken part: when asked what they wanted of life, or what they thought of the modern world, the young men and women of other nations answered spontaneously in the first person singular – 'I want . . .' this and that – but the Germans mostly 'spoke like delegates', or even ministers, ponderously prefacing their remarks with 'We, the German youth, demand. . . .'

One of the most successful discussion programmes takes place on Sunday mornings, when a group of journalists review the events of the past week. Their leader, Werner Hüfer, is one of the few 'TV personalities', in the British sense, who have emerged so far in Germany. Two others are Herr Kuhlenkampf, a Saturday-night light-entertainment compère, and Herr Wilmenrodt, who advises viewers on cooking. As yet there is no German Lady Barnett or Jeanne Heal.

Few Westerns are shown; but *Circus Boy* (dubbed) has a fairly high rating. The documentaries are well-spoken-of – the best, it seems, being serious lecture-type programmes illustrated with animated diagrams. UFA is commissioned to make films specially for TV.

As in Britain, both radio and TV programmes are supposed to preserve a careful balance in political controversy. This is closely watched by the parties, and the corporations are subject to much pressure from political, religious and other groups. Early in the Occupation, broadcasting staffs were largely recruited from the Left: this tendency has been redressed, as in other spheres, since 'denazification' became more widespread. During elections, as with us, broadcasting time is allocated to the parties on a proportional basis. Very small parties are a problem: one of them, when refused time on the air, took the matter successfully to court.

German viewers not only have no choice of programme, they have much less TV time than we have. The programme proper starts at 8 p.m. and finishes at about 10 or 10.30. At earlier hours there are some regional shows and, of course, outside broadcasts of sporting events and public functions; and on most of the stations – on all, soon – there is a half-hour of light entertainment from 7.15 to 7.45, which includes six minutes of commercials. This is the only advertising allowed at present on German TV; advertisers pay (in an area in which there are 450,000 sets) at the rate of 12,000 DM a minute.

Some viewers are more fortunate than the rest. They can receive also the East German programmes, which are said to be of high quality, though with a strong propaganda content. For one thing, the East Germans are not limited by Western restrictions on the broadcasting of new cinema films. There seems to be a certain amount of cautious, unofficial, pragmatical collaboration between East and West Germany on technical problems of radio and television, just as there necessarily is on problems of water-supply and sewerage. A modest foretaste of reunification, perhaps, or, at the very least, a kind of *ad hoc* co-existence.

TOM DRIBERG

Experimental Films, at the National Film Theatre

The Experimental Production Committee of the British Film Institute works in a modest but essential way. Starting with the gift of £12,500 from the British film industry in 1952, it has sponsored thirteen films, including *Together* and *A Short Vision*, which in international festivals have won an acclaim rarely vouchsafed to any product of our commercial cinema. If this record is to be maintained, another £2,000-£2,500 will be needed; and really here is an asset we can hardly afford to lose. The latest batch of films to be shown includes *The Vision of William Blake*, written and directed by Guy Brenton, an exploration in colour and spoken word into that ecstatic universe that can be both simple and baffling. Here words lead and forms illustrate – the best way of getting to know and understand Blake; and Mr Brenton manages to illuminate surprisingly in a brief span. Kenneth Russell's *Amelia and the Angels* – something between *Emil and the Detectives* and *The Red Balloon* – tries the difficult world of child fantasy; a little girl from an end-of-term ballet steals her wings away, loses them, and has to find others. The make-believe takes some little time to 'warm up', but the later adventures are charming without being mawkish. Let us have more experimental films.

W. W.

Correspondence

FRENCH DEMOCRACY IN DANGER

SIR,—In view of the rapidly deteriorating situation in France, the threat to democracy and the imminent danger of a military dictatorship, we feel that plans should be made here for support, help and assistance to those who are preparing in France to oppose the drift to Fascism. We have, therefore, set up a committee for the defence of French democracy, and we should welcome support and donations from every quarter. We have called a public meeting of solidarity with French democrats for 7.30 p.m., Friday, 30 May, at the Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, Warren Street, W1. We should like to make an appeal through your columns for as large a turn-out as possible in support of the cause of French liberties.

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN, MP
DORIS LESSING
BASIL DAVIDSON
PAUL JOHNSON
EDWARD HYAMS

7 Carlisle Street, W1

POWER OF DIPLOMACY

SIR,—Mr Crossman's review of Dean Acheson's book *Power and Diplomacy* impressed me, until I read the book. He insists that Mr Acheson and Mr Hugh Gaitskell are the counterparts of each other on opposite sides of the Atlantic. He explains away the fact that while Mr Acheson bitterly opposes disengagement in Europe, Mr Gaitskell is a leading supporter of disengagement. This, he writes, is merely due to the 'party political pressures' to which Mr Gaitskell has been subjected. As this is one of the occasions on which Mr Crossman agrees with his leader, would it not have been more generous to suppose that it was at least possible that Mr Gaitskell had been motivated by sincere conviction?

But it is Mr Crossman's account of Mr Acheson's views which is so remarkable. Mr Acheson, we are told, 'trounces the defence policy of some leading Labour Party spokesmen' (meaning Mr George Brown and myself). This is because we have said that in present circumstances the British forces in Europe must have a nuclear capability. What Mr Acheson wrote was this: 'My own conclusions are that present circumstances require substantial strengthening of American and British nuclear power located in Europe, as well as allied (including American) conventional forces and tactical air power'—page 101. The difference between the Labour Party's view and Mr Acheson's appears to be that he goes much further in urging the necessity of nuclear defence in present circumstances than we have done. Who would have thought it from Mr Crossman's review?

It is true that Mr Acheson regards the strengthening of the nuclear capacity of Nato forces as an indispensable, but temporary, policy, and looks forward to a time when Nato will be able and willing to match the Russians in conventional strength. I, for one, have always had considerable sympathy for this view. But it would now, I fear, be necessary to add the proviso that the Russian forces would also abandon their present formidable nuclear capacity. It would be quite impossible to ask our troops, unequipped with what are now called 'battlefield nuclear weapons', to face Russian forces equipped with them.

JOHN STRACHEY

House of Commons

REVOLT OF COMMON SENSE

SIR,—Mr Archibald Robertson is mistaken in stating that the National Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament 'is not committed by its published aims to unilateral nuclear disarmament'.

The published aims of the Campaign set as a primary objective the unconditional renunciation by Britain of the use or production of nuclear weapons, and the refusal to allow their use by others in her defence. 'Britain must make it clear that whatever agreements may or may not be reached . . . if necessary on her own, she will renounce unconditionally the use and production of nuclear weapons by herself or in her own defence.' These words are taken from the most widely distributed of the Campaign leaflets. And all our 'official' literature makes it clear that the Campaign fully endorses the words of Mr J. B. Priestley: 'We in Britain should compel our government . . . to announce that we have had enough of this nuclear madness, that we propose to have done with it, preferably in company with America and Russia, but beyond a certain date, before the rocket bases have been completed and the tactical atomic weapons have been distributed like oranges at a children's party, to have done with it anyhow, if necessary alone'.

Neither Mr Robertson nor the Communist Party, to which he would appear to owe allegiance, can claim to be supporters of the Campaign if they are not prepared for Britain ever to act unilaterally in this matter—and they will readily appreciate that this would mean for them a preparedness to press for Russian unilateral nuclear disarmament.

L. JOHN COLLINS
Chairman

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

SIR,—I want to thank the organisers of the mass lobby against the H-bomb race for the splendid job they did. There is nothing surprising in the fact that large numbers did not come from distant towns. I never thought they would. For the mass lobby had to take place when Parliament was sitting, i.e., midweek. How could masses of people from Lancashire and Yorkshire be expected to take time off in the middle of the week to travel South? A week-end demonstration, however, is a very different matter.

I am confident that very many were inspired by Aldermaston and want to participate in a national march. This opportunity will be offered when motorised contingents travel to London on Saturday, 21 July, with marches from points on the perimeter of London converging on Whitehall on the Sunday.

FRANK ALLAUN

House of Commons

JUNG AND THE JEWS

SIR,—The confusion created by Albert D. Parelhoff's and Gerhard Adler's letters is but a reflection of the chronic and all-pervading confusion in Jung's own brain. His output evinces an insatiable need to have everything both ways, including sideways, and the ensuing 'wisdom' naturally has a wide if ill-defined appeal. Ten years ago, even you, sir, found Jung 'the most exciting and encouraging of living writers' (NEW STATESMAN, 11 September 1948), though you seemed to admit in the same breath that you did not yet understand his theory of the mind.

The need to have it both ways is an invariable characteristic of the 'civilised' type of anti-Semite. Dr Karl Lueger, Vienna's notorious Christian Socialist mayor who proved to be one of the path-finders of Austrian National Socialism, coined the famous phrase later attributed to Goering: 'It's up to me to decide who is a Jew and who isn't'. Before the advent of Hitler, there was hardly a literate anti-Semite who did not draw attention to his 'Jewish friends', and 'exceptions'.

In abstract principle, the chief case before us now is that Parelhoff says that Jung has said that A = B, whereas Adler says that Jung has said that A = non-B. In my submission, any assertion of the latter proposition does not relieve Jung of his responsibility for the former. Mr Adler, whose tone betrays his unconditional dependence upon his father-figure, accuses Mr Parelhoff of distortions, misrepresentations, inventions, utter ignorance, and slander. I have no doubt that Mr Parelhoff will be able to look after himself; meanwhile, is it unfair to suggest that there is a little bit of projection going on here?

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Does not Mr Adler select his own facts and quotations very conveniently? He is anxious to point out, for instance, that Jung 'had accepted the presidency of the *International* (not the German!) Society for Psychotherapy' but does not as much as refer to the fact that in December 1933, Jung became editor of the Nazified *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie*. And why, if Jung just wanted 'to save psychotherapy in Germany', did he write as follows in the second issue of that journal—'My warning voice was suspected of anti-Semitism for decades. This suspicion originated with Freud. He had no knowledge of the Germanic soul—just as little as all his German parrots. Has the amazing phenomen of National Socialism at which the whole world looks with astounded eyes taught them better?' Mr Adler is very cross about things being 'torn from their context'. Has he ever stopped to reflect what such pronouncements must mean in the context of a Nazified journal, of a Nazified country? The saving of psychotherapy, indeed!

Now let us turn to Jung's own 'knowledge of the German soul'. By 1936, when one might suppose he had had a good look at his 'Wotan', he still had no doubt about the god's 'ecstatic and prophetic qualities' which would become clear 'in the course of the next years or decades'. 'National Socialism', to be sure, 'would not be the last word', but its destiny could perhaps be foretold by 'none but the seer, the prophet, the Führer himself. . . .'

But then Mr Adler altogether goes into surprisingly little detail when describing his master's defence of his collaboration with the Nazis. It was 'out of a higher necessity', the 'misunderstood' Jung tells us, that he had 'to come to terms with the powers that be in Germany'. 'The sciences, the art of healing and every other art . . . must learn to adapt themselves. To protest is ridiculous!' (*Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, 13 March 1934).

We may leave it at this last sentence. I am sure that Mr Adler will think I have misquoted Jung. What is more, I am sure he is right. I have found that it is quite impossible to quote Jung without misquoting him: he always implies the opposite of what he says. 'Honesty of attitude?' The question no longer arises. Jung is not dishonest. It is simply that at a certain tragic stage in his brilliant career, the unconscious, which loves contradictions, went to his head and stayed there.

Note: The source of my quotations is Chapter 8 (*Sociology, Politics and Alchemy*) of Edward Glover's *Freud or Jung* (London, 1950), which readers interested in the present correspondence are invited to read.

HANS KELLER

50 Willow Road, NW3

HUMANISM AND THE BBC

SIR,—While agreeing with all that Mrs Knight says in her article 'Humanism and the BBC', I should like to draw attention to the core of the problem, of which religious broadcasting is one aspect. This is, for better or worse, a Christian country, and while an important section of the Establishment is the Established Church, the powers that be will use all the means available to keep it so.

Their most effective weapon, which is also the most improper to be used, is the compulsory religious indoctrination of children in all state schools. The legal right of parents to withdraw their children from the scripture lesson exists on paper only, since in our present inadequate school buildings, inadequately staffed, the child who is 'excluded' almost invariably has to sit at the back of the class with a book, which is worse than pointless, or to wait outside in a corridor or cloakroom; this latter proceeding being used in many schools as a punishment on other occasions. It is not surprising that very few parents take advantage of this privilege for their children.

Since there are plenty of Sunday Schools all over the country for those who wish their children to have religious teaching, there is no need for similar instruction in day schools, even for the children of orthodox Christian parents. If the abolition of compulsory RI would be too sweeping a reform, it ought to be possible to arrange for the scripture lesson to be placed in the first or last period of a school session, so that dissenters could either arrive late, or leave early, and miss it without being made uncomfortable and conspicuous.

I should like to point out that I make this plea not only as a humanist with no supernatural religion, but also on behalf of those unfortunate children who are given a positive religious teaching at home and in Sunday School which is at variance with the teaching in school, and who are being used as the human rope in an ideological tug-o'-war.

CYNTHIA THOMPSON

19 Sandylands Promenade
Morecambe

SEX IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—Being the proud wearer of my school's old boy's tie of only a few weeks' standing, I was interested to read the letter of the head boy of a public school. I am sure many head boys will endorse his views. The reason given by many headmasters for their attitude to the problem is simply that in running after the opposite sex, valuable time, which could otherwise be spent in some form of scholastic pursuit, is being wasted. Thus giving the impression that at public schools more work is done, and hence a higher standard attained.

But does this work? Grammar schools and co-educational schools reap most of the open scholarships, while for the public school the harvest is thin. Perhaps one of the reasons for this is that while the grammar schoolboy is able temporarily to forget his work in friendships with girls of his own age, the public schoolboy is confined to his studies, frets, and becomes stale. Thus the public schoolboy works at half pressure all the time, while the grammar schoolboy works at full pressure half the time, and it is full-pressure work in an examination which counts.

In fairness it must be pointed out that no school authorities regard it as sinful to know members of the opposite sex, and do not really discourage any healthy friendship which might occur. But the problem which worries them is the likelihood of a continual procession of adolescent girls waiting hopefully outside the school. A situation which would not give any school a good name. The problem still remains, however, what is to be done? Perhaps the impending alterations to the public school system as proposed b the Labour Party present a solution?

K. BROWN

Littledown Road
Bournemouth

SIR,—I would like to add from my own experience to the comments of a head boy in your correspondence columns. The mentality which equates 'normal' with 'sexless' regards much good literature as a perversive influence. Consequently such books as Alberto Moravia's *Woman of Rome* and George Orwell's *1984* are banned. Significant also are the omissions in a library of about 8,000 books: there is not one novel by D. H. Lawrence. The reasons given for this state of affairs are as follows:—

(a) Many boys do not read such books because they are good literature but for sexual titillation.

(b) Many boys' parents would not allow them to read such books at home.

(c) Boys should busy themselves with 'healthier' interests (sports, physical fitness, the school hierarchy, etc.).

As for (a) it does not seem to me to matter that some boys may read these books for the 'wrong' reason: if this reason makes them read good literature so much the better. In any case why do they feel the need to obtain such a 'cheap' thrill—the unnatural life they lead perhaps? The answer to (b) is that I do not see why the whims of a few parents, who are probably semi-illiterate, should determine the reading matter of even their own children. Faced with argument (c) I preserve what is, I hope, a dignified silence.

PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY

'I GROW OLD, I GROW OLD'

SIR,—Critic's attack on age in your last number seems a little ungenerous—Cocteau 'an arthritic old bore of 64', de Gaulle with 'sagging face, protruding stomach, stoop'. Many of us stoop: to some of us arthritis is a painful ailment for whose victim we feel sympathy. 'Bore?' That is a subjective term which those who find excitement and interest in M. Cocteau's works would be more inclined to apply to that love of cats and fear of the H-bomb expressed rather too frequently by one weekly journalist. I happened to be at General de Gaulle's press conference and I feel that there were many of his opponents who found his speech and replies impressive in delivery, in timing and in the sense of relaxed humour. Certainly his voice towards the close did turn a little uncertain. Age comes to all of us, and there are rumours in London that Critic himself has passed 60, has white hair and has been known to recite limericks of a dubious kind after dinner. 'Boring?' Not necessarily, but a sign of age rather than youth, and more controllable than arthritis.

GRAHAM GREENE

Albany
W1

DRINK IN WALES

SIR,—In my Welsh Home Town not only was Sunday marked by the parade of family groups in their 'Sunday-best' to the Chapels, and by the fact that the pubs were closed, but there was also a 'no beer in the home' imposition for every day of the year. I recall, however, on one occasion, which for me has always verified the doctrine of original sin, that after much heart-rending and contention an exception was made of some festive date, when some relatives and friends were visiting us from over the border. It couldn't have been at my sister's wedding because I remember quite well that we had non-

Alleg

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This shocking book tells how the author was tortured by Massu's paratroops and clearly reveals the true issues in Algeria. Banned in France it has had outstanding reviews in "The New Statesman" and throughout the whole British press. Sartre's extremely urgent preface analyses the resurgence of fascism in France and is one of the most important political documents to come from a French writer since Zola's J'ACCUSE. *10s. 6d.*

Samuel Beckett

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JOHN CALDER
17 Sackville Street
London, W.1

alcoholic wine. My mother could only be brought to agree to this exception being made on the condition that the bottles were put on the floor, and not on the table.

I recently went home at a week-end to visit my old mother, and with the pleasurable kind of feeling that a Welsh scrum-half must have when he is secretly offside, I took in with me on the Saturday night a flagon of beer, which I put on the floor. After all, if it came to the point, was I not now – 40 years since that never-to-be-forgotten festive occasion – a visitor from well over the border?

On the Sunday morning when I was having a shave in the kitchen I heard a bang in the 'middle room', and when I went in I saw a sad look on my mother's face and the beer all over the floor. The rather doubtful explanation – and yet can it be doubted, for 'the truth', especially in the home, was also one of our puritanical virtues – was that the little boy had come in from next door, and sat on the bottle!

If it wasn't for this experience I would be saying to would-be visitors to Wales: 'If you want your drink on Sunday – buy it on Saturday'.

J. CLIFF PROTHERO

22 Harrington Square, NW1

THE IDIOM OF THE PEOPLE

SIR,—It was very interesting to read Christopher Logue's review of the English folksongs collected by Cecil Sharp and edited by James Reeves. Mr Logue says that 'this singing part of our tradition is dead'. It is not yet dead in the Gaelic speaking parts of the Outer Hebrides, where folksong continues to permeate the life of the community, and new songs are still made about incidents such as the stranding of the *Politician*, that inspired *Whisky Galore*. But even in its last stronghold this oral tradition, of great ethno-musicological interest, is in danger of dying, and a government which has seen fit to allot, for example, £2,720 to 'research on bird vocalisation' refused even to discuss an application from the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh for a special grant to enable the traditional oral and material culture of the Island of South Uist to be properly recorded while there was yet time to do so. It is to be hoped that a different attitude will be adopted, and that quickly.

J. L. CAMPBELL
President
Folklore Institute of Scotland 1947-51
Isle of Canna

SIR,—Neither Mr Reeves, in his admirable book, nor your reviewer, does justice to Baring Gould.

Probably no one under 50 can recall, still less imagine, the social and intellectual climate of the very early 20th century. The published work both of Baring Gould and Sharp was part of that new estimate of the value of singing in schools which led educationists and those interested in the ideals of education to search for new material, to revolt from the insipid, the foreign, and the 'unspeakable songs and solo's of moral propaganda'. The conviction of the time believed in the Child (with capital C) as the heir to all the ages for whom 'nothing but the best would do' and the editing of these two collectors was made very largely for this educational purpose. Collections not made directly for school use were expected to find place in the home, and in concerts to which a mother might take her daughters. Baring Gould's most famous collection was published coevally with Hardy's *Tess*. The storms over the 'impropriety' of *Tess*, or later of *Jude the Obscure* are commonplaces of literary history, and the defence of great works of literary art cannot be applied to folk song.

This is not to say that we need adopt or admire Baring Gould's amendments now. But it should not be overlooked that he had a comparative knowledge of folk song (that is, of cognate texts in other countries and in other sources) in advance of his time. To his two principal collections, *Songs of the West* and *A Garland of Country Song* he attached textual notes of the utmost value, frequently directing the reader to the texts in their unexpurgated form, to be found in the 'garlands', ballads and songs of an age in which even 'polite' conversation was of a grossness that would scarcely be tolerated now.

MARGARET DEAN-SMITH

Haslemere

PATRICK GALVIN

SIR,—May I request the courtesy of your columns to disclaim a poem appearing over my name in *Springtime 2*, published by Peter Owen? When my publisher was informed that a poem of mine would be included in this anthology *if Mr Owen might 'improve' it*, he replied, on my instructions, that the poem might be included only on condition (a) that the usual acknowledgements were made to the Linden Press, and (b) that no alteration whatever was made in the text. Mr Owen, however, has made no acknowledgements and has rewritten the poem to his own taste. I am obliged, therefore, to deny parentage and repudiate the signature he has attached to it.

PATRICK GALVIN

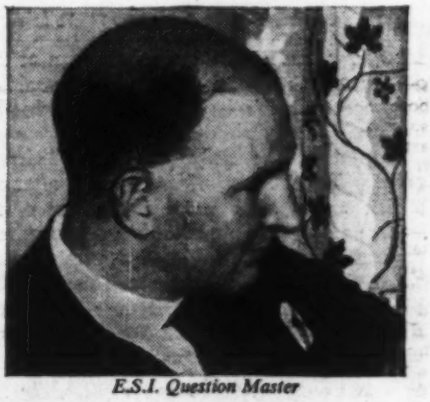
23 Warrington Crescent, W9

VIVID AND CHARMING

SIR,—Mr John Raymond may be right in thinking my choice of words unoriginal: but the phrase he quotes is no evidence of this. For I did not write it. I did not say that Lady Diana Cooper's book was 'brilliant and fresh and charming'; I said it was 'brilliantly fresh, vivid and charming'. Possibly Mr Raymond sees no substantial difference between the two phrases. If so he is too little concerned with the subtleties of language to set up as a critic of style. But indeed, if he means to be a literary critic of any kind, he should learn to read more attentively and to verify his quotations.

DAVID CECIL

7 Linton Road
Oxford



E.S.I. Question Master

Careers in Electricity Supply

This is an extract from a recorded interview with Mr. Telford, who joined the Electricity Supply Industry as a Graduate Trainee.

"...you can have a go at whatever you want"

Mr. Telford

Question Master: **I think we might begin by asking what was your first job in Electricity Supply after your training was finished?**

Mr. Telford: Well, my training was interrupted by the war, and it was only in 1950 that I finished my graduate course in the industry. I was then appointed Shift Charge Engineer at Frome, Somerset—a small station but an excellent training ground. From there I went to Earley—a much bigger station of 120 megawatts—as Boiler House Shift Engineer; later I became Charge Engineer there, and for a while was Efficiency Engineer, as well.

Q.M.: **Your next step was London, wasn't it?**

Telford: Yes, I came to London as Second Assistant Engineer on the Divisional Staff, and later I was appointed Deputy Superintendent at Bankside Generating Station — the position which I hold now.

Q.M.: **Bankside is a pretty big station, and at 36 you're young, aren't you, to be a Deputy Superintendent? But what made you come to London in the first place?**

Telford: A chance came along to get some administrative experience at H.Q. level, and I thought I'd better take it.

Q.M.: **Does the Industry give many opportunities like that?**

Telford: It most certainly does. It gives you a complete opportunity to have a go at whatever you want, and what you think you're best equipped for. The man who wants to get on is helped in every possible way; I've attended several courses run by the Industry, not only on technical matters, but on subjects like personnel selection and industrial relations.

Q.M.: **You find your job gives you scope for managerial ability — dealing with people as well as machines?**

Telford: Yes, indeed. I don't think there are many better opportunities than in a power station, because you have something of everything. You have the mechanical side, the electrical side, the building side — and most of all, a number of people with varied interests and jobs.

Q.M.: **Now a word about newcomers to the industry. If you have a chap of ability who is prepared to get down to the task, what would you say his opportunities were like?**

Telford: I would say that he has really splendid opportunities. For one thing, a career in the industry is established on a very firm footing — you could do without a lot of things, but it's impossible to get on nowadays without electrical energy.

Another point worth remembering is that a man coming into the industry has the choice of the entire country to work in, and there's no parochial approach.

We'd like to publish more of this interview but there isn't space. For details of the many careers in the Electricity Supply Industry and the salaried training schemes available, ask at your local Generating or Distribution Board's offices, or write direct to:

The Education and Training Officer,
The Electricity Council,
53 Winsley Street, London, W.1.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

My Brother's Jackal

'You know . . .' Stanislaus would say when speaking of his relationship with his brother, James Joyce, 'You know – Cain.' And again, 'My father, Thersites-like, called me my brother's jackal.' Another Theo Van Gogh, he was neither jackal nor Cain; he was his brother's keeper, overshadowed by his brother's genius, its scornful vices, its gay, contemptuous courage, its predatoriness and cheerful, clever disregard. Even for Stanislaus to say 'I saved him' when, during two periods in Trieste, James was 'ruining himself' with drink and had to be 'dragged' from the bars of that city, was an illusion or an irrelevance: separated from his shadow by the war during the years in Zurich, James managed coolly to combine 'ruining himself' once more, with writing most of *Ulysses*. The dominance of the man of genius was absolute; the brothers might quarrel violently; they might separate; *Finnegan's Wake did* separate them finally; but on Stanislaus's side the relationship was agonised and obsessional. Abel was amused and patronising; Cain could only grind his teeth as he lived under the spell of his indifferent leader and console himself with the second-best of building up his own character. 'He bore his curious burden', Richard Ellmann says in the introduction to Stanislaus's extraordinary autobiography, 'with nobility and discomfort'. And Mr T. S. Eliot, in a preface, justly says the book can be compared with Gosse's *Father and Son*.

*My Brother's Keeper** was to have been a complete portrait, but Stanislaus died before finishing it and the manuscript breaks off with Joyce's journey to Paris at the age of twenty-two. It is concerned with the sordid and picaresque history of the Joyce family, dragged down into poverty by a drunken, violent and grandiloquent father who brought his docile wife to an early grave; with the private war the two boys carried on with their Catholic teachers; their indignant renunciation of their religion and country; and James Joyce's first literary friendships in London and Paris. About the Joyce legend in Dublin and his friendship with Gogarty, Yeats, George Moore and the virginal John Eglinton, Stanislaus is an exacting critic. But he is not writing obedient biography. He brings both the force of insight and stern prejudice to the study of James's genius, as it began to open, and to his own dilemmas. In their different ways both brothers were Irish extremists, to whom rational violence was a familiar relief and emancipation. James swept aside everything for art. The vigour of life, the passion for the artist's freedom and contempt for the Jesuits drove him out of the Church. He believed in the religion of art. He mocked Irish nationalism, was bored by politics, treated the Great War and its massacres as a mere nuisance: he was not going to let them affect his dedication. He was utterly indifferent to every kind of personal attack and, in the most malicious and secretive city of Europe, behaved with scornful disregard of its tongue, its morals and conventions. Yet Stanislaus, three years younger and intellectually dominated, was in some ways more extreme. James shook off his religion easily, his revolt being a defence of his personality 'against a system whose encroachments, on the plea of obedience, ended, like modern totalitarian systems which have copied it, only with the complete cancellation of character'. He retained his interest in Catholic philosophy and a purely aesthetic regard for the drama of the Mass. Stanislaus, on the other hand, was not indifferent. He hated the Faith, abhorred the confessional, despised the priesthood. He slogged back at the Church all his life. When the youngest child in the Joyce family died

> (my mother's) confessor, as is usual with these religious snoopers, tried to turn the weak and broken woman's grief to his purpose. He advised her to put my brother and me out of the house 'before they corrupt the other children'.

He fed his dislike on that notorious exposure *Priests and People in Ireland*; and once in Italy, impassioned humanist and liberal that he was, he was defiantly anti-Fascist in public and lost his professorship. All the same, his violence was not of the kind that creates a moral wilderness, nor was it the barren temper of the man who is narrowed by his own rage. The following passage is as just as, in its final sentence, it is devastating:

> The two dominant passions of my brother's life were to be love of father and of fatherland. The latter was not the love of a patriot, which is an emotion for the market place, part hatred of some other country, part falsehood. It was the comprehending love of an artist for his subject. Both passions stemmed, I believe, from his ancient love of God, and were already at that time spreading tough roots underground in a most unpropitious climate: love of his country, or rather his city, that was to reject him and his work; love of his father, who was like a millstone round his neck. The roots of feeling in some men sink all the deeper for the difficulties that surround and frustrate them; and I wonder that people do not see how much higher than the divine love, which is the preacher's theme, is that human passion which can love an unworthy object utterly without return and forgive without waiting to be supplicated.

Where James bore with his drunken father and despised his mother for lacking spiritual courage and for being 'the Irishwoman, the accomplice of the Catholic Church', Stanislaus loathed his father as a vulgar, brawling, boasting, idle bore whose drunken repetitions – funny enough to the outsider – turned domestic life into a hell of quarrels, and poverty and shame. There was an appalling scene at the mother's death-bed, when the father came in drunk and truculent: 'I'm finished,' he shouted at the dying woman. 'I can't do any more. If you can't get well, die. Die and be damned to you'. Stanislaus rushed at him shouting 'You swine', and the poor woman tried to struggle out of bed to keep son and father apart.

The elder Joyce was like many of the decayed, sozzled Irishmen of his generation. As a young husband he had just enough money to scrape by without working; but drinking is expensive. He was soon going downhill. The family were forced to move house very frequently until they ended in the slummy outskirts of Dublin. There is the low comedy of sudden removals, office scandals and drunken speeches, and if the elder Joyce seemed a good fellow outside the house, he was boring, tyrannical, frightening and foul-mouthed to live with. He combined irritability with the idiotic windiness of Micawber. The old sinner had what Stanislaus calls the 'rooted Irish objection to paying rent', and when landlords tried to get rid of him he refused to go until they receipted his rent book to date. They were only too glad to do so; for otherwise (he cunningly explained) he would not be accepted as a tenant in the next house! For some time he had a job as a tax collector! His system was to hang his hat and coat up in his office and then roll out to his cronies in the nearest bar. When the time for sending out demands came he got in two old clerks to do the work for a few days. Eventually, of course, there were scandalous shortages in the accounts and to make them good he had to sell his small remaining property. The bully, needless to say, regarded himself as the victim of his large family:

> 'I'll get rid of you all,' he used to say after his wife's death. 'And go back to Cork. But I will break your hearts before I go. Oh yes, by God! See if I don't. I'll break your hearts, but I'll break your stomachs first'.

With the help, he added, of God and His Holy Mother. When he did get rid of them at last and went back to Cork to spend the remaining 25 years of his life, he told his friends that his ungrateful family had deserted him.

To James, the artist, this was all fertile comedy if it was also bitter. He was, after all, a rich comic writer and his tolerance of his father no doubt is linked with the comic writer's orgiastic sense of the world. A sceptical intellect was made hilarious by ignorance. The father and his pals are displayed in all their pathos and absurdity in the story called *Grace*. He was the victim of that stagnation and demoralisation in Irish society which English rule and a stubborn peasant priesthood had combined to bring about. One can see how the domestic squalor made James aloof and arrogant. He was candid in his affections but, having been brought up in no society, had no manners where his affections were not engaged. Before he was much older Stanislaus had to deal with three drunks in the family: his father, the young brother Charles, who lost his religious vocation at the seminary, and James himself. The irony of his situation was not lost on him. And he had to endure the insult of being called a puritan, a sober-sides, a dull nine-to-sixer. It was untrue. The professor who got into public trouble in Italy was no slave. He failed, simply, to understand.

All this is the stuff of *Dubliners*, the material of Joyce's 'mean writing' about lower middle-class life. And it contains another comedy, also not lost on Stanislaus: the comedy of the

* *My Brother's Keeper*. By STANISLAUS JOYCE. Edited by RICHARD ELLMANN. Preface by T. S. ELIOT. *Faber*. 25s.

unscrupulousness of genius. Stanislaus was an intellectual but not an artist. He worshipped the artist in his brother and found that, just as James cribbed much of his wit and observation in talk with the mocking air of one who says 'I can make much better use of that than you can', so he used material out of the letters of Stanislaus. The story called *Grace* was elaborated from an incident written by Stanislaus to his brother; Stanislaus once recorded the random thoughts of someone falling asleep and always held that this had been James's introduction to the idea of the stream of consciousness. The material for the description of office life came partly from the talk of Stanislaus who had, for a time, a job in an accountant's office, but also from his diary which James used to read without scruple. In this Stanislaus had still more to suffer, for James usually mocked at the intimacies he had spied on. The young brother was burgled, used and ridiculed; he was, as he says, a willing or at any rate an unprotesting victim, the shadow snubbed by James's clever friends. The crowning snub occurred when James dropped the character drawn from Stanislaus out of *Stephen Hero*, on the ground, it would seem, that he was superfluous or dull. James could dispense with Stanislaus but Stanislaus could not dispense with James.

In Trieste, in the end, Stanislaus left the impression that he, too, found a formidable personal freedom. He came to be thought of (Professor Ellmann says) as a Cato of monumental integrity, incapable of anything less than honesty, just as James was incapable of anything but the fluid imagination of the artist. In Stanislaus, the hurts of pride are transformed into the dignity of understanding. It is the fate (Stanislaus holds in this book, for he loved a theory) of the mother-lovers to be scrupulous. But even death was to play an ironic trick on him. He died in 1955 on the 16th of June, Bloomsday, the day his brother had made famous.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Seven Rules Minus One

1. Understand Others

Do not be frightened,
If you meet a poet on the road
Give him your poem;
If you meet a painter on the road
Give him your painting;
If you meet a merchant on the road
Give him your money.

2. Good-taste

Travelling, a man met a tiger, so . . .
He ran. The tiger ran after him
And thought: How fast I run . . . But,

The road thought: How long I am . . . Then,
They came to a cliff, yes, the man
Grabbed at an ash-root and swung down

Over the edge. Above his knuckles, the tiger.
At the foot of the cliff, its mate. Two mice,
One black, one white, began to gnaw the root.

And by the traveller's head grew one
Juicy strawberry, so . . . hugging the root
The man reached out and plucked the fruit.

How sweet it tasted!

3. Be Practical

Before bombardment
There lived by me
A maker of beautiful dolls who gained
Money enough from his sales.

And he told his wife:
From now on our dolls
Will be made with their hands tucked away.
This will save clay.

The enterprise worked.
And he said: Wife,
Let us make dolls sitting down.
This will save time.

And his plan worked well.
So he said: let us make
Dolls with their heads bent over in sleep.
This will save cash.

And when they were done
The dollmaker's wife
Looked at one before they sold out, and said:
Indeed, my love

We have profited.
Now, let us hire
Some men to make dolls
While we visit the world.

4. Educate

Say to the child: This is one . . .
Showing him an apple. This is two . . .
Showing him a word. This is three . . .
And you turn and you walk away
With his mother and his ball.

5. Understand Yourself

Each day, deep in his University
A scholar shouted: Master?
And answered himself: Yes, sir?

And then he shouted out: Work harder!
And answered: Yes, sir!

And after: Do not be fooled by others . . .
Answering: Yes, sir. Yes, sir.

6. Observe Details

When you visit those British
Who remain of their fruitless cinder,
Be sure and visit—
Down by the little bar where they sell
Roast mutton and girls—
The armless General who sings a tune that goes,
How tranquil the evening
As he points his leg at the moon.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

BATSFORD

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Demos Defended

Athenian Democracy. By A. H. M. JONES. *Blackwell.* 21*s.*

The idea of democracy has become so familiar to us that we easily take it for granted, even in antiquity. The Athenian democracy seems as natural to us as the Spartan aristocracy or the Persian monarchy—one of the classic types even of ancient government. And yet, but for Athens, would it have been? Is not the Athenian democracy one of the miracles of history? On examination it does indeed seem miraculous: so miraculous that it could never have been devised in theory or worked in practice: too good, or too bad, or too dotty to have been true.

For who ruled in Athens? The board of ten 'generals'? But they were closely controlled by the Assembly. The Assembly? But it consisted of all adult male citizens: 6,000 or more attended at a time; effective government by such a body is inconceivable. The Council of 500 which prepared the agenda of the Assembly? But its members were appointed annually, and by lot. The whole thing seems absurdly haphazard. Well might Alcibiades describe it as 'acknowledged folly'. Well might the philosophers complain that 'the virtuous'—the *élite*—had no power in it. Unfortunately the brilliant Alcibiades and the virtuous philosophers, when they did secure power, proved political disasters: the dotty democracy, which rejected both, proved in practice 'the most successful state in Greece'.

How did it keep going? The rich complained that the whole system was parasitic upon them: they were compelled to maintain the fleet, undertake costly 'liturgies', and—when the treasury was empty—were found guilty of technical crimes by massive juries in order that their estates might be confiscated. Later critics have maintained that the Athenian democracy and Athenian culture were parasitic on the Athenian empire, or on slave-labour. But what about the fourth century, when the empire had gone but the democracy survived—poorer, no doubt, but still working? And how many slaves were there? We do not know. Athenian society is as mysterious as Athenian government.

Mr A. H. M. Jones is one of the ablest and most stimulating of ancient historians, and he has distinguished himself by a particularly fine analytical technique. In these five essays he examines the Athenian democracy from Pericles to Demosthenes—more particularly in the fourth century, when the evidence is fuller—and seeks to answer some of the most difficult questions. Inevitably, since the essays were first published as separate studies, there is some repetition; there are even, to the lay eye, some apparent contradictions; and there are many fine calculations which may well seem, to other experts, just a little too fine. The calculation of the number of slaves in Athens, on the basis of the amount of corn left for them to eat—assuming that they ate only wheat, not barley (though Aeschylus, I recollect, refers to 'the barley-bread of slavery')—is a masterpiece of speculative mathematics. But, however this may be, these essays are a brilliant approach to crucial problems; they excite interest; and, together, they create a consistent picture: a picture of Jones's Athens—an Athens somewhat different from the Athens of Thucydides and Xenophon, Plato, Isocrates and Aristotle, but not for that reason necessarily untrue.

For these great writers, says Mr Jones, were all 'oligarchs'. They criticised the democracy, and their criticism is sometimes prejudiced and untrue. In Jones's Athens there were no demagogues (Thucydides maligned Cleon); the injustices of mob-hysteria—the execution of the Athenian generals after the battle of Arginusae, the Melian and Scionaean massacres, the death of Socrates—were exceptional, or justified by precedent; and the empire was not nearly as oppressive as Thucydides suggests. The idea of a dole-fed sovereign multitude who left work to slaves is quite unfair: the state-pay given to the poor for political attendance was trivial and merely covered out-of-pocket expenses: a casual unskilled labourer could earn more. And the slaves (if they each lived on Mr Jones's ration of wheat) cannot have been many—20,000 to 31,000 free households. In brief, Jones's Athens was a society of small property-owners. The rich were not too rich nor the poor too poor. They were modest landlords and respectable smallholders. There was little 'capitalism'—commerce, banking and industry were largely in the hands of resident foreigners who were legally debarred from owning land. Consequently society was very stable. Social revolution was not feared; reactionary coups, which were generally engineered from abroad, were never successful for long. The democracy had a solid social base: it rested not on the 'virtue' of an élite but on the sense of the citizens; and its institutions, however haphazard they seem to us, gave free voice to that sense. Representative, comprehensive, equalitarian, they ensured government by and for a stable, conservative, peasant society.

Mr Jones, it is clear, is a democrat too. He writes with enthusiasm as well as scholarship. The scholarship is impressive, the enthusiasm catching. And yet sometimes even the layman may have doubts. Is he not sometimes too naive, too romantic, in his democratic faith? For the problem of government still remains. A constitution is not a government, as any study of democratic trade unions can show, and, in general, the more complex and seemingly haphazard a constitution is, the more it is controlled by professional politicians who alone can understand its possibilities. On the actual mechanics of Athenian government I find Mr Jones less instructive than on society. The Athenian Council of 500, admittedly the linchpin of government, was filled annually by lot, and so 'had no chance of developing a corporate sense'. Did this really 'secure' equality or ensure that the government was 'a fair sample of the people as a whole', whose views 'would naturally coincide with those of the people'? Did it not rather give power to the few men who, by practice, had learned to manipulate the system, even from apparently subordinate professional or elective offices? Mr Jones admits that we know very little about elections. He admits that the democracy was 'rather snobbish' in its choice of leaders. He admits that professional politicians could, by their patronage, make huge fortunes, which, in turn, in a small-town society like Jones's Athens, could have given political influence. But he does not admit any *arcana imperii*. 'The conclusion seems inevitable,' he writes, 'that Athenian policy was really determined by mass meetings of the citizens on the advice of anyone who could win the people's ear'. Am I unreasonably sceptical in doubting whether in fact this ever happened; or, if it did, would create 'the most successful state in Greece'? Mr Jones reasonably doubts the regular virtue and wisdom of the educated élite; is it not equally permissible to doubt the regular virtue and wisdom of mass meetings?

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

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NELSON

Master of the Raking Squinch

Philibert de l'Orme. By ANTHONY BLUNT. *Zwemmer.* 70*s.*

Among architects today Philibert de l'Orme, who died in 1570, is remembered for one thing only: he invented a laminated roof-rib consisting of small timbers pegged together, which he maintained was very practical and quite cheap. No example of his use of it survives, but it was employed with spectacular effect in the old Halle aux Blés, Paris, in 1782 and in England we had a graceful example at Exeter until the blitz removed it. Laminated timber roof trusses are not uncommon now and they still evoke the ancient name—or so one likes to think. Next to the patent roof, Philibert's most solid claim on our respect is, perhaps, for his patient and lucid exposition of geometry applied to difficult feats of masonry—a raking squinch or the vault of a spiral stair. Here again he scored a triumph which long echoed in the narrow aisles of architectural theory. The complexities of stereotomy and *la coupe des pierres*, as introduced by Philibert, were developed in several rather daunting works of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries and these had their place in the evolution of the French rationalist tradition. A copy of one of them in Sir John Soane's library is annotated by that master, who discovered in it the germ of one of his happiest inventions. One way and another, Philibert de l'Orme started quite a lot.

But looking at his own architectural performances one is puzzled and often repelled. There is really no getting away from Fréart's verdict, delivered when French classicism was at its height, that Philibert had seen rather too much of the

beauties of Rome with a vision still almost wholly gothic. Compared with his rival Lescot, whose Louvre fragment transfers to architecture the delicacy of a Giulio Clovio miniature, Philibert was an arbitrary and outrageous experimentalist, who cared less for classical harmony than for striking out a new plan and offering his patron some unheard-of combination of *salle* and *cabinet*. Therein is his vulnerability as an artist, but therein also his irresistible charm as an artistic innovator. He was nothing if not original. To be in Rome in 1534-35, to move in high diplomatic-humanist circles there, to see and study everything and then completely to miss the point of all that had been done in architecture by Bramante, Raphael, Peruzzi and the Sangallos, is really something of a triumph – a triumph of high arrogance and ineffable patriotic complacency. Philibert was as enormously and utterly French as his friend and admirer, Rabelais.

Sir Anthony Blunt's book is a work of precise learning, which investigates for the first time what Philibert designed and what he did not, and settles, by a logical use of stylistic and documentary evidence, many questions which have hazed our view of his art. He did design most of Anet, Diane de Poitiers' house, and the beautiful new photographs of its chapel, gatehouse and ruined crypto-porticus persuade one to believe in him as an architectural poet as well as a fabulous constructor. The nightmare engraving of a project for a *lieu royale*, on the other hand, makes one shrink away from him as from Fenchurch Street station, which it somewhat resembles. Philibert remains a puzzle.

The book is the first of a series of studies in architecture to be edited by Sir Anthony. The promised volumes on Michelangelo, Bramante, Bernini, Hawksmoor, Burlington and others will be extremely welcome if they follow their editor's lead in integrity of treatment and taste in illustration.

JOHN SUMMERSON

Do You Believe in Heroes?

Rider on a Grey Horse : Hodson of Hodson's Horse. By BARRY JOYNSON CORK. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

The Necessary Hell : John & Henry Lawrence and the Indian Empire. By MICHAEL EDWARDES. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Journal of the Siege of Lucknow. By MARIA GERMON. Edited by MICHAEL EDWARDES. *Constable.* 15*s.*

William Hodson was intended for the Law, but the migraine he had suffered from since childhood – the same migraine that had so interfered with his school-work and nothing else, as Dr Arnold of Rugby bitterly reported – finally prevented his settling down to a life that would have to be spent poring over books. Instead, and with some relief, William Hodson joined the armed forces of the East India Company. In December, 1845, at the age of 24, he went into battle for the first time. It was the opening engagement of the First Sikh War and he seems to have enjoyed it as he had never enjoyed anything in his life before. That day in fact he discovered what he had been born for – '. . . the wonderful excitement of war'.

Perhaps already in Hodson's time delight in battle for the battle's sake was becoming suspect: certainly he sounds a little shame-faced in the letter to his father where he admits to his delight.

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Yet it was inescapably true, and until his death, thirteen years later, he was to live only for danger and the risks of battle, the noise and the fury of it, with short intervals in which he loved his wife and mourned the death of their child.

To tell Hodson's story is to follow at the same time the story of the two Sikh wars and of the two Lawrence brothers – Henry who was Hodson's guide and sponsor, John who disapproved. Indeed with few exceptions Hodson's brother-officers do not seem to have approved of him either: he was aggressive, solitary, ambitious, violent in his tempers. He was spectacularly brave – not from bravado but from a genuine love of danger. It is not surprising that many grew jealous as the fame of his astonishing exploits spread through the country. But his men loved him, and he them. He suffered humiliation: he was brought before a Court of Inquiry to answer charges of mismanaging regimental funds during his brief command of the Corps of Guides on the North-West Frontier. He carried the stigma of it forever, though finally absolved of all blame. In the climax of his life, having been charged with the raising of an irregular force – the force that was to live on gloriously after his death as Hodson's Horse – he took part in the final assaults on Delhi that routed the mutineers, and it was said of him that he made a personal fortune in the looting of the fallen city. It was at Lucknow that he was fated to die soon after – of wounds, following a characteristically brave attack at the raising of the siege. It was a little before his 37th birthday. When he was dead the slanderous rumours spread more widely than ever, but in fact he was possessed of nothing when he died and by the time his debts were paid up from the proceeds of the sale of his horse, it was necessary to appeal to an Army charity for his wife's passage-money home to England. He had no money, no loot (except his sword) to leave behind: nothing of any value but his name 'which went to the regiment.' His sword – the sword of the Emperor Jehangir that he had kept as a memento of his personal capture of the last King of Delhi and of the king's three sons – this sword was given to Queen Victoria. Mr Barry Joynson Cork's good biography is at its best in the passages that deal with battle, and this is as it should be.

To turn from Hodson riding his grey horse to Mr Michael Edwardes's *The Necessary Hell* is to turn from the particular to the general – in fact to the wide panorama of nineteenth-century India. The two Lawrence brothers are there in the foreground, and very differently lit. The Mutiny, Delhi, Lucknow – they are all there again too. 'History' – Mr Edwardes quotes in his preface – 'is the propaganda of the victors', and he is concerned in this book to show life as it was really lived, not as the victors were to paint it subsequently. Here is 'the necessary hell' of the victors' lives – the heat, boredom, disease, solitude, unhappiness, back-biting, nostalgia: life shorn of all glamour. Mr Edwardes paints an honest and well-documented picture, but by almost deliberately dulling the high-lights, as it seems to the reader, his story does not gain in readability. Times have changed since all these things happened, of course, and it is no longer fashionable to take pride in our dead Empire. Even the 'heroes' we invented then – even poor William Hodson here dismissed as 'one of the more dubious heroes of the Mutiny' – look rather ordinary by the time Mr Edwardes has placed them firmly in perspective. We rather miss the blazing of 'the sun on their sword-blades'.

I very much doubt if the diarist Mrs Maria Germon would have found time for imperial heroics either, though she lived in the midst of them. Our great contemporary diarist, Mrs Dale, would have been the same, I fancy. Neither would believe in heroes, yet I am sure Mrs Dale believes in Mr Dale in rather a sweet, understanding sort of way, and we know that Mrs Germon did most touchingly believe in her 'dear old Charlie'. Charlie was an officer in the 13th Bengal Native Infantry and he had to man a gun during the siege of the Residency at Lucknow, though he was no gunner. And his wife's journal is enchanting, despite her bloody subject-matter. We live through the siege with her, seeing with her eyes, learning to distinguish with her ears between round-shot and shell and other missiles when we do not actually see these things whirling in through the drawing-room windows. We are rather frightened sometimes, though really only when 'dear old Charlie' has to go out on some sortie or other and is late getting back. With her we hope that after all we shall manage to get the piano brought up from the town house to the Residency, with her we sing sweetly on the porch in the evening, and the night we sleep out under the moon we put up our umbrella alongside hers 'to keep off the ill effects' of it. It was sad the day poor Miss Palmer had her leg taken off by a round-shot (she died next day), also the days when all sorts of other people died, the poor mothers and their poor little babies, and the officers and men too, and it was sad the day the dear doggies had to be put down – but life had to go on and you got used to it and there were compensations, as when dear old Charlie managed to save some sugar to make little wedding-anniversary sugar cakes, but they were not very good yet nevertheless 'very sweet coming from his dear old hands'. Some mornings we get up angrily and do all defaulting Mrs Anderson's housework as well as fetch water and make tea, or else we watch the mending of Charlie's 'unmentionables', and then the sad day when Sir Henry Lawrence lay shattered and dying, 'the good old man' (he was 41), and the wonderful day when Charlie buys a bit of 'loot' – a lovely cashmere shawl for Maria. And when the Highlanders arrive for the first relief of Lucknow, it was really 'the most exciting scene I ever witnessed.' In the end we go away to Calcutta, a long journey, but we arrive to find everything 'provided for us in the most luxurious style by the Relief Fund of the Committee for Lucknow Refugees'. And that was that.

Mr Edwardes's editing is very skilful. There are no *longueurs*, but there are notes and a glossary of Mrs Germon's Anglo-Hindustani and explanations where needed of her mid-nineteenth-century expressions.

PETER MAYNE

Bread in the Beaune

WE'VE broken ourselves of many of our ancestors' more deplorable habits, like bear-baiting, fighting the French, and dunking bits of bread in our wine. But there are worse things you can do to bread, to say nothing of wine. Have we, for instance, cured ourselves of thinking it meritorious to eat it stale?

After all, bread is more than just a vehicle for pâté-de-foie-gras, or even peanut butter. It's an excellent food in itself. According to a recent report*, in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin B_1, than any other single food. It is, say the pundits, tremendously nourishing. Meaning it's good for you.

As basic foods go, bread's the cheapest one going. In terms of food value per penny, it's the best you can get. A nutritional bargain, in fact.

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*National Food Survey Committee Report, 1955 (Page 132) published by H.M.S.O.
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London Views

A History of London Life. By R. J. MITCHELL and M. D. R. LEYS. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

This interesting and often useful book is mistitled; it is not a history, for it isn't consecutive enough. It would have been better described in an earlier period of publishing, when it could have been called a Series of Views, or Descriptions at Various Times of the City of London and its Inhabitants. Its chapters are divided into 'FitzStephen's London', 'Chaucer's London', 'Dick Whittington's London' and so on up to 'Prince Albert's London'. The division by periods is very loose and mildly enforced: FitzStephen, for example, wrote in 1180, but quotations from 1281 and even 1312 occur in his chapter. Though it may be a nuisance to those who want to use the book for reference, this looseness will be no annoyance to the general reader, who will enjoy a vivid picture of the customs and habits of Londoners over 700 years (the book ends in 1888).

The authors are on the whole backward-looking: viewed from the late Victorian date that they have chosen, it is perhaps inevitable that early London should seem bright, lively and happy. FitzStephen's London's 'only plagues' were 'The immoderate drinking of fools and the frequency of fires'; the immoderate fools often enough drank red wine that flowed from the great conduit in Cheapside. 'Rogues of great ingenuity' enlivened Chaucer's London, and the best-known bawd was named Joan Jollybody. As late as the days of the Greshams (sixteenth century) the London merchants delighted in what Miss Mitchell and Miss Leys consider 'simple and inexpensive jewellery', such as gold and silver 'goblets, standing cups, mazers, salts and spoons —some chased with designs of roses and garlands, some enriched with diamonds' and one particularly modest man wore as a personal ornament, 'a lytell shelde of golde innamyled with whyt and grene and with iii perlls weyng a quarter of a nounce'.

With the coming of the eighteenth century darker colours have to be used for the pictures, quite possibly merely because more is known of the conditions of the common people than earlier. The two great Fieldings and the records of their cases, the pictures of Rowlandson, the reports of Edwin Chadwick and the novels of Dickens provide the book's final themes and they are well enough known to need no further description. The illustrations are excellent, and I have noted only one error of fact—the most individual Guide issued in the eighteenth century was called *Harris's List* of the Covent Garden Ladies.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

New Novels

The Monkey Puzzle. By VERONICA HULL. *Barrie.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Demian. By HERMANN HESSE. Translated by W. J. STRACHAN. *Peter Owen: Vision Press.* 15*s.*

The Delinquents. By ANTHONY BLOOMFIELD. *Hogarth Press.* 15*s.*

I begin to wonder whether publishers really care for the good books they occasionally put out. Look what they have done to Veronica Hull's first novel, *The Monkey Puzzle,* They have given it a drab jacket and a jejune, imperceptive blurb which tries hard to make the book sound like scores of other books. *The Monkey Puzzle* is much more original and intelligent than the Barrie blurb-writer supposes. It is in the contemporary picaresque style, it is true, but it has a flavour all its own.

Catherine is a student at London University; when we meet her she is on the brink of a breakdown, which is being hastened by the study of the industrious futility which passes for philosophy today. She fails her examination, gets a job at a 'progressive' school in the provinces, is sacked and not paid; spends three days at a mental hospital; drifts to Soho and marries one of the resident neurotics; and lives negatively thereafter. A squalid story; but Catherine is not a squalid person, and there is nothing squalid about Miss Hull's writing. It is a relief to get away from that ghastly feminine-sensitive, feminine-funny ('I am just a mad little dear') style, which always makes me feel imprisoned among the Littlewood's lingerie. Miss Hull's writing is like the best woman's talk – shrewd, barbed, lit up with delicious perceptions:

> He disliked exhibitions of temperament. They walked home one behind the other. Then Catherine discovered she needed a cigarette and Adrian had them. That was the trouble with marriage; if it wasn't cigarettes it was the double bed.

The book is full of good things. There is, in particular, an account of Catherine's stay with a poor but sensitive family, which I would place in the same class as Mr Salter's visit to Boot Magna. But the book is not all light, and perhaps the early chapters are the most impressive. They describe Catherine's condition before her breakdown. Nothing is stated; but slowly the reader senses that something is wrong with Catherine, for though the life around her is described in detail, it grows remote and even unreal. Finally one's suspicions are confirmed. The book would be remarkable for this technical accomplishment alone.

The Monkey Puzzle is a first novel and it has faults – Miss Hull has declared war on the comma, she knows what's wrong with England and she has messages for us – but I prefer not to dwell on the faults of a book which has given me so much pleasure.

I don't quite know what to make of *Demian.* It isn't a novel at all, but allegory gone Teutonically mad. The point seems to be this:

> One had no right to want new gods, no right at all to want to give the world anything of that sort! There was but one duty for a grown man; it was to seek the way to himself, to become resolute within, to grope his way forward wherever that might lead him. . . . We who bore the 'sign' . . . represented the will of nature to renew itself, to individualise and march forward, the others lived in the desire for the perpetuation of things as they are.

This difficult conclusion is arrived at from the simplest premiss. The narrator, as a boy, is made aware of the existence of two worlds. The world of 'light and righteousness' is symbolised by his parents' home.

> Here were duty and guilt, bad conscience and confessions, forgiveness and good resolutions, love and reverence. . . . The second world was peopled with servant girls and workmen, ghost stories and scandalous rumours; it included the slaughter-house and the prison, drunken and scolding women, cows in labour, foundered horses, tales of housebreaking, murder and suicide.

This second world is attractive, and the narrator becomes involved in it. He boasts of a theft he hasn't committed and is blackmailed by a bully. He is rescued by a boy called Demian who, paradoxically, gets him to accept the belief that the brand of Cain was a mark of distinction, that the second world is as real as the first and ought to be honoured equally. All this was well done, simply and directly; the horror of evil and uncharted darkness is close to most children. But I couldn't go with the writer beyond that: I can scramble up the nursery slopes of allegory but my instints are too much those of the herd – a recurring word in this book – to enable me to scale any higher. I lack the 'sign'. Allegory can prove everything and nothing. Hermann Hesse works out his conclusions very neatly, but I wonder whether these really needed the novel form.

Mr Anthony Bloomfield also deals with horror in his second novel, *The Delinquents.* His delinquents are under-age girls in a seaside town; their corrupter is a middle-aged social worker. It is a thin story, unreasonably inflated, and not at all horrible really, so that Mr Bloomfield's portentous manner – he uses italics for the actions of one delinquent – seems to be only a piece of self-deception. Mr Bloomfield's invention is not very good; his writing is fussy and uncertain; he never varies the pitch or pace of his narrative; his characters are colourless and some of them have no valid relation to his story. Yet the book does hang together, because of Mr Bloomfield's formidable ability to create atmosphere; few writers can make the everyday and the seedy so real, so strange, so menacing. For all its faults, *The Delinquents* is the work of a writer. Mr Bloomfield will write better novels.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Twenty-Five

The Sweet and Twenties. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

In an age that produces a new Young Angry every fortnight, one's affection for the troupers and stayers of life and art becomes re-doubled. A heap of rudely amusing things have been said about Mr Beverley Nichols. One remembers Graham Greene's suggestion that 'For all I know Mr Nichols may be . . . a middle aged and maiden lady . . . connected in some way with the Church: I would hazard a guess that she housekeeps for her brother who may be a canon or perhaps a rural dean.' In *Put Out More Flags* Mr. Waugh compared him by implication with Lin Yutang. But the fact remains that when Mr Nichols is not in his 'I-was-in-time-for-the-first-of-the-daffodils' vein, he is a very good journalist, and he has seldom been better than in his new volume of recollections. True, he misquotes Alfred Austin, writes Lady Brackenbury for Lady Bracknell, and appears to believe that Fonthill was a book and not a folly. But these are minor blemishes in a piece of writing so effortlessly funny. It is that very rare book – the kind that you can read aloud to your friends. Mr Nichols tells us

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all we want to know about the Bright Young Things – how Lord Berners had a piano built into his Rolls; how Mary Borden lampooned the lion-hunting Sybil Colefax in a short story entitled *To Meet Jesus Christ*; and what Dame Ethel Smyth said when Mrs Asquith admitted that she didn't care for *Tipperary* ('Damn it, Margot, sometimes I think you must be tone-deaf. It's a damned good tune. It's clear-cut; it's got a fine shape, it says what it means and then it stops. That's something *you* might learn to do with advantage'). Best of all were the splendid Sitwells, from whose devil-doings I cull the following *conte macabre*:

> I remember one occasion . . . when they borrowed Lady Crewe's house in Chelsea for one afternoon in order to award prizes for The Worst Book of the Year, The Worst Poem of the Year, several other Worst Somethings or Others. Osbert and Edith received us dressed in deep black, with solemn faces, looking like literary undertakers. The 'prizes' were very repulsive, and consisted mostly of things like stuffed, glazed fish in glass cases. One of them – a curiously mangy stuffed cat, playing with some diseased mice and surmounted by a huge dome of glass – was dispatched to Harold Nicolson at the House of Commons. Harold Nicolson might have been justified in taking a dim view of this episode. If he did, he kept his feelings to himself.

JOHN RAYMOND

Mr Finis

Shakespeare and His Betters. By R. C. CHURCHILL. *Reinhardt.* 21*s.*

Part One of Mr Churchill's book is an objective historical sketch of the unorthodox theories of Shakespearean authorship. In 1759 the Rev. James Townley so far forgot his clerical character as to write and cause to be acted a farce entitled *High Life below Stairs*. Here a certain Mrs Kitty asks: 'Who wrote Shakespeare?' A Duke replies: 'Ben Jonson'. Whereupon one Lady Bab cries: 'Oh, no! Shakespeare was written by Mr Finis, for I saw his name at the end of the book'. It may be inferred from this joke that there was already in the mid-eighteenth century a certain amount of discussion on the question of Shakespeare's identity.

Certainly by 1785 another clergyman, the Rev. James Wilmot, confided to a visitor that philosophical studies of a comparative cast had persuaded him that Shakespeare and Bacon were the same person. The speculation thus launched prospered. Besides Bacon, claims have been staked for more than fifty individuals, including Cardinal Wolsey, Queen Elizabeth and Anne Whately (a supposed jilted sweetheart of the rustic Shaxper, and perhaps a nun). The authorship has also been attributed to the Society of Jesus and (in part) to the Rosicrucians.

The labourers in this wide field have come from almost every country in Europe, and from a good many countries beyond. They range from the late Professor Lefranc of the Collège de France, who believed the plays to have been written by Lord Derby, to less well-accredited investigators who maintain that Bacon wrote not only Shakespeare's plays but Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, and indeed that he is still alive. Mr Edward D. Johnson, lately President of the Francis Bacon Society, is reported as giving Bacon *Don Quixote* and most of Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Spenser, Nashe, Kyd and Burton. Others, on the contrary, feel the extant plays to be far too much for one man, and assign them to committees and syndicates. These last contributors to the problem range from mere disintegrators, who suppose Shakespeare regularly to have collaborated with other professionals, to enthusiasts determined to go the whole hog and sweep in virtually the entire English nobility.

Part Two is critical. Most of the unorthodoxies, Mr Churchill says, rest on 'the aristocratic assumption'. But the notion that only a nobleman could have written the plays makes no appeal to anyone conversant with the known facts of Elizabethan society. Moreover it rests largely on a comical fallacy. Our idea of the familiar conversation of Renaissance high society comes largely from Shakespeare himself, and the question with which the unorthodox would triumphantly confront us come down to: 'How could Shakespeare himself know that people talked as they talk in Shakespeare?'

Something like this point has been made before. But Mr Churchill has one new and most effective argument. The question of authenticity was first probed in 1601 by Elizabeth's secret police. If, after the famous production of *Richard II* on the eve of Essex's rebellion, Topcliffe and his men had found the slightest suspicion of William Shakespeare's being a cover for some noble person it would have gone very hard with him indeed. They must have found evidence of his authorship so utterly convincing that there was no need even to take him to the Tower and torture him.

J. I. M. STEWART

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Shorter Reviews

The Trianon Adventure. Edited by A. O. GIBBONS. *Museum Press.* 21*s.*

This elegant trifle is the work of a small group of experts in psychical research, including Mr Guy Lambert, A. O. and Ena Gibbons, Mr Harold Ridge, who have made the famous experience of Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain in the Petit Trianon gardens the subject of life-long study. Inquiries were focused on the layout of the gardens and outbuildings at different periods of the eighteenth century and on the personnel employed in their construction. What emerged from all these incredibly detailed labours? A few small items were possibly confirmatory of the ladies' narratives, but the statement in the blurb that 'the conclusions arrived at tend to support, in the main, the original stories of Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain' is very misleading. The most interesting point which did, in fact, come to light was the dubious quality of the two ladies' own researches. 'They were provokingly too prone', say Mr and Mrs Gibbons, 'upon the vaguest details to resort to wayward references, often quite inconclusive, adducing them as proofs'.

While maintaining an attitude of profound respect for the integrity of the ladies, the writers of this symposium do not hesitate to make mincemeat of their conclusions, and even to state bluntly that Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain could not have seen much that they claimed to have seen and the date of the supposed vision – 1789 – is impossible. The unkindest cut is given when Mr Lambert – with very little evidence – suggests that the eighteenth-century 'agent' whose mental images they were receiving was not the Queen herself as they claimed, but only her head gardener, one Claud Richard! In this kind of speculation there can be no limit: the story has already had more embroidery than it can hold – a long, long rest is indicated.

L. F.

History of the British Iron and Steel Industry from 450 B.C. to A.D. 1775. By H. R. SCHUBERT. *Routledge.* 60*s.*

The Council of the Iron and Steel Industry has sponsored this detailed and thorough history. Dr Schubert begins with the advent of iron in prehistoric times and ends with the transition from charcoal to coke as a means of fuel. He has assembled evidence from a mass of sources, and in particular has collected new material concerning the major technical transformation from the medieval bloomery to the early blast furnace. It was in 1490 that the term 'Irone Founders' was first used in British history, and Dr Schubert devotes some of his most interesting chapters to the consequent changes not only in techniques but in output and demand. In a very brief last chapter he touches on the situation in the industry after coke-smelted iron began to be generally acceptable and Britain began to outstrip Sweden as the world's chief iron producer.

This expensive book is valuable chiefly as a work of reference, and the charts, diagrams and appendices will be as useful to the specialist historian as the text. It is not exhaustive, however, and many specifically economic problems in particular require further research. Among them are the problem of costs and prices – Dr Schubert says little about this – the implications of improvements and setbacks in transport, and the still controversial question of 'fuel shortage' on which so much of the technical and locational history of the industry and of recent general interpretations of the industrial revolution is centred. The social background of the industry also receives relatively little attention in Dr Schubert's pages. For any general reader who turns to this book perhaps the most striking feature will be the superbly reproduced frontispiece picture by Henry Blés of 'landscape with iron works and mines'. It depicts an industrial scene before 1550, and it is a reminder that it needed the industrial revolution in Britain to inspire comparable British art.

A. B.

Week-end Competition

No. 1474 **Set by Bystander**

The usual prizes are offered for a song to be sung in the bath. Limit 14 lines; entries by 10 June.

Result of No. 1,471 **Set by A. G. Rochelle**

'Take one soulful of involuntary unbelief.' begins a nineteenth-century recipe (by Mallock) for a poem by Matthew Arnold. Prizes are offered to the senders of recipes (limit 150 words) for any of the following: A statesman's memoirs; a teenager's novel; a Movement poem; a Court Theatre play; an American musical; or a *Sunday Times* serial.

Report

Very unwholesome, most of these dishes. But – how odd! – most of them seem to require the same ingredients. 'Take a large ego' is the basic start. Still, it all lies in the serving, and in having, as somebody observed, 'a good self-raising agent'. *Statesman's Memoir* was the most popular item. 'Scrape the sugar coating off a bitter pill', began J. Timson. 'Take some tongue . . . garnish with primroses and red carnations', added G. J. Blundell. Or 'Take an Olympian Stance' (L. G. Udall), 'and keep well cooled. . . . Tie firmly round the whole a long glutinous thread stretching from public schooldays to retirement'. *S.T. Serial* could be served either 'warm after a large Sunday lunch' (A. J. F.) or 'cold at intervals' (Bundak). This recipe required you to 'fillet' the main character (preferably English-grown), 'placing skeleton carefully in cupboard'. A good variation came from J. Timson: 'Take a small part of a large war avoiding well-known areas. . . . Very space-filling.'

One or two useful tips came for a Court Theatre play. 'The mixture', wrote Stephen Sedley, 'should never be allowed to become quite clear. Should this happen, throw in a couple more characters.' A simpler version came from J. S. Fidgen. 'Take a pinch of dramatis personæ. Fry. . . .' *Teenager's Novel* was clearly not a dish for gourmets. 'Roll out the curdled mixture very wide and thin', advised Gwen Joliffe, 'Serve unbaked.' 'Eat at once,' warned A. M. Sayers, 'as the dish will not keep.' 'Serve them right', was J. S. Fidgen's tart garnish. Good suggestions also came from R. A. McKenzie, Russell Edwards and Allan M. Laing. Two guineas to Stanley Sharpless for his impurée and a guinea to each of the others printed.

A Court Theatre Play

The Osborne Biscuit or Aunt Edna's Ragoût

Take a handful of chips, properly browned off, and sprinkle with grated blasphemy. Over this, shred a little raw experience, season with some appetising adultery, and add a dash of half-baked crazy mixed-up Angst from the stockpot. The mixture should now be rolled out flat (on an ironing board for preference – it improves the flavour). Chill, and add devilled spleen to taste. Steep in an impurée of self pity, sweetened to a mushy consistency, add a dollop of avant garde waffle, decorate with sour grapes, and serve nightly to a pitful of hot, cross, bums.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

A Statesman's Memoirs

Take any old leftovers of Cabinet Pudding, and add one skilful of cooked figs and preserved dates (from which stones have been removed and none left unturned). Add a mixture of grated anti-Red peppers, crumbled crust, Irish stew and Indian curry. Simmer gently, introducing from time to time a few raspberries, some coup d'état, and a little Force. Do not overstress any leeks you may care to include, but any bacon you have saved, or red herrings that would give flavour, can go into the sauce together with honeyed words. Some favour Bombe Surprise for a really impressive effect. Bitters will give a final touch, and it is essential to keep in a good press after completion.

D. R. PEDDY

Whisk up two tomes of ego to a stiff froth. Pour into a shallow and carefully cleansed reputation. Sweeten with soft soap, chopped reasons and stoned speeches. Beat into a flowery dough. Divide into parts and wash the hands of it. When in the soup, serve hot. Do not add any salt to this dish (though a grain may be taken at table).

MARGARET DUNNETT

A Teenager's Novel

This somewhat indigestible concoction requires, for a start, a good basinful of conceit, in which is mixed-up a very fresh, unbeaten ego, coddled until browned off. The method is to use plenty of the resulting sauce to mask the main ingredients, *i.e.*, a hash-up of slick-stuff and horror offal, or a cut from a skiffle-joint, with, of course, plenty of the inevitable best end of necking. These ingredients can be chopped and changed for variety, but the distinctive flavour of this dish is always obtained by the addition of tag-ends of coarse talk (American style) and a generous sprinkling of angst bitters. It may be a case of kneading the dough, but at best this is not a very popular entrée. You must have a reliable self-raising agent to be sure of a good rough puff.

P. M.

A 'Sunday Times' Serial

To a subconscious charged with egotism add equal quantities of decent reserve and legitimate self-appreciation. Bruise a few well-chosen reputations and blend with a dash of devotion to a cause – any cause, but *some* cause. Mingle with an assumption of confidential expertise and colour with a touch of near indiscretion. Cut into manageable portions and serve as fresh and hot as possible, as the compôte is liable to go flat in the final stages of preparation.

RHODA TUCK POOK

City Lights

More Marianne than Grandma

Wet from their Whitsun, fascinated by the slow rape of France, the castings-about of Mr Cousins and the progress of the cricket season, Throgmortoners have had little heart for business this week and stock markets have been deadly dull. Grandma's piffling and long-overdue cut in the Bank rate was received and dismissed with a sniff. The old lady, over-nice about her health and refusing to move an inch until those nasty railwaymen were out of the way, has made a perfect nuisance of herself during the past few weeks and everyone is showing the strain a little. A few visitors, unaccustomed to her ways, have been asking whether the Bank rate was cut last week to reflect the market movement of short-term interest rates or to acknowledge the progress of the world recession or for some other reason. There is no answer to their question. Grandma deliberately chooses to act on instinct rather than reflection – she has no idea why she does what she does and would much prefer not to find out.

The Treasury bill rate fell quite sharply after the cut in Bank rate and short-dated bonds have been firm. In the United States, too, money is still getting cheaper, with bill rate down to 0.635 per cent and bond prices at their best level of the year. But life is more complicated than William McChesney Martin supposes. Cheap money has so far proved as impotent to stop the recession as dear money to stop the steady rise in prices – though the President, beguiled by his own assurances, has decided that the recession is

Company Meeting

DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LIMITED

The Sixty-first Ordinary General Meeting was held in Johannesburg on 26 May, 1958. The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, Mr. T. Reekie, dated 19 May, 1958:—

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To the working profit of £640,820 was added £31,690 in respect of interest, £22,790 being an adjustment of the Outstanding Liabilities Trust Fund and £9,581 being the difference between sundry items detailed in the Income and Expenditure Account, resulting in a profit before taxation of £704,881. Taxation absorbed £144,136 leaving £560,745 to be added to the balance of Income and Expenditure Account at 31 December, 1956, making a total of £1,365,394. Of this amount £348,750 was appropriated for two dividends of 1s. 6d. each per share and £99,645 was transferred to Capital Reserve in respect of expenditure on Mining Assets and Trade Investments, leaving a balance in the Income and Expenditure Account at 31 December, 1957, of £916,999 to be carried forward to the current year. This balance together with Reserves for Retiring Gratuities and Abnormal Costs totalled £1,034,435 which was represented by net current assets as detailed in the Balance Sheet.

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over and that there is no need after all for the tax reductions which his economic advisors have been monotonously urging upon him for months past. His decision seems to have rested largely on Mr Humphrey's view that the budget deficit is likely to be large in any case because of the recession and that a further increase would be potentially inflationary and morally undesirable. Action has now been delayed so long that *any* measures adopted can be only doubtfully efficacious and are certain to leave an inflationary legacy behind them; but the alternatives to tax cuts – public works, for example – are likely to stimulate the economy only when the need is for a tranquilliser again. It is indeed possible that the recession is approaching bottom – a few of the popular business indicators have been looking more cheerful recently – but it will be impossible for some months yet to rule out the risk of a further break.

* * *

The Stock Exchange Council, swayed against its own inclination by a 2-to-1 vote of Stock Exchange members, has agreed to lift the ban on option dealings imposed in 1939. An option is the opportunity of putting (selling) or calling (buying) a share at its current price at any time during a certain period of time ahead, and its price is settled like other prices: Imperial Chemical now stands at 44s, and the option of buying them at this price in three months' time would probably cost you around 2s. How far option dealing develops – before the war it was most common in mining shares – will depend largely on the rules which the Council eventually draws up to protect clients and dealers, but it is unlikely to be important enough in practice to justify the enthusiasm which it has aroused.

* * *

The proposed flat-rate profits tax will penalise all companies which have been in the habit of retaining a larger-than-average proportion of profits in their business, and Jaguar Cars is likely to be the textbook case. Its present dividend of 12½ per cent. comes from earnings of just on 150 per cent. – the company, that is, which is generally supposed still to be under the chairman's control, pays out to shareholders only one-twelfth of what it earns for them. The change from a 3 per cent. to a 10 per cent. charge on retained profits will obviously tap its finances sharply: the extra money to be paid out in tax, in fact, would have paid for doubling the present dividend, if the thought of doing so had ever entered the chairman's head.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

CADBURY BROTHERS LTD.

GROUP HOME AND OVERSEAS SALES RISE TO £82½M.

The 59th annual general meeting of Cadbury Brothers Limited will be held on June 16 at Bournville, Birmingham.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, Mr L. J. Cadbury, which has been circulated with the Report and Accounts:

During the last two years it has been clear that the manufacturing capacity of our industry has been rapidly overhauling the country's demand for chocolate and confectionery. At the same time there has been a slight contraction in consumption. The average consumption per head of the population per week in 1956 was 8.6 ozs. In 1957 it was 8.3 ozs. Thus we are now subject once again to the full blast of competition, and, though our home sales were again a record, it was by the narrow margin of less than half of 1 per cent.

I am glad to say that all our overseas companies showed increases both in cash and tonnage. Between them and subject to tax they made a record trading profit of £1½ million. Some of them are however facing difficult times.

Adding together the sales of our group of companies, including the fellow subsidiaries of our parent Company, the British Cocoa & Chocolate Company, our total sales at home and overseas increased from £79½ million in 1956 to £82½ million last year. The B.C. & C. consolidated accounts show that profits after tax rose from £3.7 million to £5 million and the assets from £64 million to £74.5 million.

COCOA PRICES

Turning to cocoa, we again had a difficult year from the price point of view.

The rise in the price of our chief raw material has been reflected in a slight increase in the price of some of our principal lines this Spring, though the stocks it is our policy to hold have cushioned the impact. Nevertheless we look with some apprehension at cocoa continuing at its present price and the effect this may have on chocolate consumption.

RESTRICTIVE TRADE PRACTICES ACT

In 1956 the Restrictive Trade Practices Act was passed. As a result last year we revised, and filed with the Registrar of the Court set up under the Act, the Agreement we have had for many years with our principal competitors. We are now waiting for its reference to the Court where it will in due course have to be defended.

The main object of this Agreement is and always has been to control the costs of distribution and, with that aim, to agree upon margins to the trade. It also seeks to control various advertising trade concessions, as well as such things as gift-coupon schemes. In order that such an Agreement can operate, there must be some price from which the margins can be calculated. As prices are so fundamental, the Agreement provides that the parties will give to each other notice of any changes and that they will confer with a view to agreeing margin percentages, i.e. the difference between consumer and trade prices.

Our view is that agreement upon margins and other costs of distribution is in the interests of the trade and public.

PENSION FUNDS

In this country we have four Funds providing pensions for men, women and widows. They were founded long before the Welfare State was thought of, and the senior one celebrated its fiftieth anniversary last year. Their combined assets amount to over £15 million.

Legislation on pensions is promised by both the major parties. At the moment we have only seen the Labour Party's scheme and do not know the nature of the present Government's proposals. Whatever programme is in due course implemented by Parliament we are bound to be affected, perhaps seriously. But one thing is clear: whatever line pension legislation may take, it can only be successful if the value of money is kept stable. This is a task which successive Governments since 1945 have failed to achieve, and one on which the reception of the Cohen Report is not very reassuring.

DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMME

Turning once more to the printed accounts, it will be seen that Cadbury Brothers Limited transferred from general reserve £4,745,790 to the B.C. & C. Co. by means of a special Ordinary Dividend. This was capitalised by the latter Company and one new share issued for every two held. This still leaves our assets very much above our issued capital.

Like all growing firms, our development programme over the last few years has not been eased by the policies of the financial authorities. We have tried to keep in step with them and in certain instances have been able to postpone new work.

At the moment our development budget at home and overseas stands at about £15 million over the next four years. No-one can foretell the course of business and prosperity over that period and we are clearly accepting certain risks, but ones which we have every confidence are justified.

The Chess Board

No. 446. Logical Chess

Sheer pleonasm, to be sure, for what could be more logical than a good game of chess? But since he set out to prove just that by his fine selection of games Irving Chernev may well be forgiven his new book's pleonastic title (*Simon & Schuster*, $3.95). Here's a game won by Capablanca (against Mattison at Carlsbad, 1929) by the simple process of quietly putting his pieces on the best possible squares. No fireworks until the very end when they are sparked off by the dynamite automatically accumulated by the sheer logic of an ever-strengthening position.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; (4) Q-B2, P-B4; (5) P x P, Kt-B3; (6) Kt-B3, B x P; (7) B-B4, P-Q4; (8) P-K3, Q-R4; (9) B-K2, B-Kt5? (0-0!); (10) 0-0, B x Kt; (11) P x B, 0-0; (12) QR-Kt1!, Q-R6; (13) KR-Q1!, P-QKt3; (14) P x P, Kt x P; (15) Kt-Kt5!, P-KB4; (16) B-B3!, Q-B4; (17) P-B4!, Kt (4)-Kt5; (18) Q-Kt3, P-K4; (19) P-QR3!, Kt-R3; (20) B x Kt, resigns.

The book's subtitle is 'Move by Move,' and the author strictly adheres to his basic idea of giving every single move some very elaborate notes. Very elucidating, no doubt, and beneficial for players of every class, yet I wish the author hadn't been quite so pedantic about it, at least so far as the first two or three moves are concerned. There must be some inevitable repetition when having to explain the plausibility of P-K4 and P-Q4 a dozen times over again, and some space may have been saved for adding a few to the 33 games elucidated so thoroughly as to fill 250 pages. An excellent choice, mainly from the viewpoint of didactic value, and including such little-known games as Dobias-Podgorny (Prague, 1952), a splendid example of 'undermining' the opponent's position.

(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) Kt-QB3, P x P; (4) Kt x P, QKt-Q2; (5) Kt-KB3, B-K2; (6) B-Q3, KKt-B3; (7) Q-K2, 0-0; (8) 0-0, Kt x Kt; (9) Q x Kt!, Kt-B3; (10) Q-R4, P-QKt3; (11) B-KKt5!, P-Kt3; (12) P-B4!, B-Kt2; (13) P-Q5!, P x P; (14) KR-K1!, P-KR3; (15) Q x P, Kt-Kt5; (16) Q-R4!, B x B; (17) Kt x B, Kt-B3; (18) Q-R6!, P-Q5; (19) R-K6!!, R-K1; (20) B x P, resigns.

Finally, one of Rubinstein's most ruthlessly logical and thereby beautiful games (against Maroczy at Gothenberg, 1920). Note how Q5 is used successively as a springboard for White's Kt, B, R, and Q.

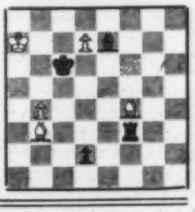
(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q4; (3) P-QB4, P-K3; (4) B-Kt5, B-K2; (5) P-K3, QKt-Q2; (6) Kt-B3, 0-0; (7) R-B1, R-K1; (8) Q-B2, P x P; (9) B x P, P-B4; (10) 0-0, P x P; (11) Kt x P, P-QR3; (12) KR-Q1, Q-R4; (13) B-R4, Kt-K4; (14) B-K2, Kt-Kt3; (15) B-Kt3, P-K4; (16) Kt-Kt3, Q-B2; (17) Q-Kt1!, Q-Kt1; (18) B-B3, Q-R2; (19) Kt-R5!, B-QKt5; (20) Kt-B4, B-Q2; (21) Kt-Q5!, Kt x Kt; (22) B x Kt, B-K3; (23) Q-K4! B x B; (24) R x B, QR-B1; (25) R(1)-Q1, B-B1; (26) P-Kt3, P-Kt4; (27) Kt-Q6!, B x Kt; (28) R x B, R-B2; (29) P-KR4!, P-B3; (30) Q-Q5 ch!, K-R1; (31) P-R5, Kt-B1; (32) P-R6, Kt-Kt3; (33) Q-K6!, R-KB1; (34) R-Q7, P x P; (35) B-R4!, resigns.

A: Sachetti

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the win very neatly. **B**—a win—and **C**—a draw—are celebrated classics. (They rate 6 and 7 ladder-points.) Usual prizes. Entries by 9 June.

B: W. A. Korolkov

C: Henri Rinck



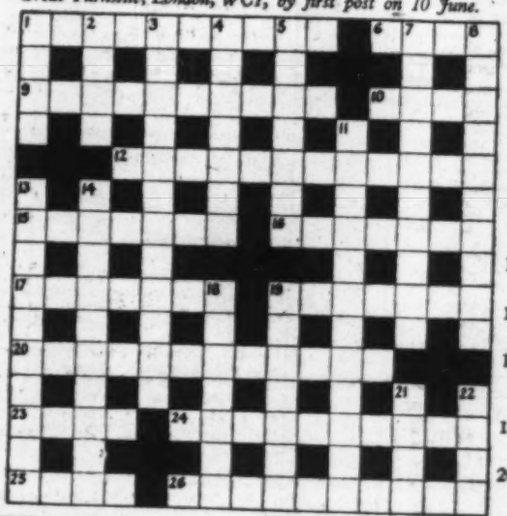
REPORT on No. 443. Set 10 May

A: (3) R-K6! would have forced the draw.
B: (1) K-Kt8! (K-Kt7?), B-K5; (2) P-Q6!, P x P; (3) K-B7, P-Q4; (4) K-Q6, P-Q5; (5) K-K5, P-Q6; (6) K-Q4, P-Q7; (7) K-B3 etc.
C: (1) P-B6!!, P-K5 ch; (2) P-B3!, B x P ch; (3) K-R2, P x P; (4) P-R6! (K-Kt3?), P-B4; (5) K-Kt3, B-R8 (K4); (6) K-R4!, K-Kt2 (forced); (7) B-K5 ch, K-B2; (8) B-Q4! etc.
If (1) . . . P x P; (2) P-R6, B-K5 ch; (3) P-B3! etc.

An easy bunch and lots of correct solutions (and bouquets from contented solvers). In **A**, even though Alekhine stipulated for the *third* move, 4) K-B1 or R-K8 ch get full marks. Prizes: C. Allen, K. Beaumont, R. C. Chaturvedi, P. Lindblom (a Swedish competitor), J. Mitchell, J. J. Walsh. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 305

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 305, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 10 June.



ACROSS

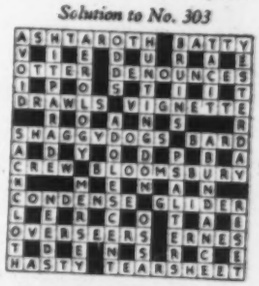
1. Instruments for measuring the distance of a cupola in a Roman church (10).
6. A short distance for a saint without a hen (4).
9. London borough which places value on symbols of authority (10).
10. Without me the dress designer would have the back measurement (4).
12. Market where there are fond caresses in front of the entrance (12).
15. Climbs like a fool without money (7).
16. Provide cover for sexual excitement in the female (7).
17. If you reversed the foot's support, it would have animal noises about it (7).
19. Sign of authority which might change to respect (7).
20. Operation in front of a mission centre with a number composing a hymn (12).
23. With this pain a god would make a splendid show (4).
24. 'Raw haste, —— to Delay' (Tennyson) (10).
25. Repair alone (4).
26. Town which has a brilliant advertisement about fish (10)

DOWN

1. Tool to give for security (4).
2. Publisher's impression (4).
3. Religious men failed to find the father of the race on a lot of stars (12).
4. Baby makes feeble music (7).
5. Chidings for service-men (7).
7. Foul with skill and the tie gets out of control in the three divisions (10).
8. Tried hard as a river to cut through the middle of the rising sea (10).
11. Solemn declaration which gives a fool an allowance for a wicked woman? (12).
13. Animals make war universal before I am among allies (10).
14. Shaftesbury destroys liberal hope after a short note (10).
18. Go beyond an insect in a heraldic position (7).
19. A lot of would-be purchasers of plush perhaps (7).
21. Leading light conveys thanks in an old line (4).
22. Poke the king in the paunch (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 303



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 303

M. G. Pavett (Wendover, Bucks), Miss F. Sinclair (London, NW3), Mrs F. S. Brooman (Bristol 8)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

INSTRUCTOR BRANCH
ROYAL NAVY

Why not utilise your scientific or professional knowledge and at the same time enjoy the comradeship and advantages of commissioned service in the Royal Navy? The Instructor Branch offers Short Service Commissions to graduates in Mathematics, Physics, Engineering, Chemistry, Metallurgy, History, Geography and English, to men with degree equivalent qualifications, and to non-graduates with teaching qualifications or experience.

The work of the Instructor Officer is fundamental to the Fleet and covers the widest field of operational, technical and academic duties ashore and afloat, ranging from basic instruction to work on the latest developments in nuclear power and guided weapons. Instructor Officers are also the meteorologists of the Royal Navy.

Note also:—

Undergraduates in their final year may apply.

Short Service Commissions are granted initially for 3, 4 or 5 years.

A Short Service Commission discharges liability for National Service.

Starting pay is £511 p.a., rising to £620 p.a. after 1 year's service (£620, rising to £839 for 1st and 2nd Class Hons. graduates), plus marriage, lodging, ration allowances, etc., where appropriate.

£405 tax free gratuity after 3 years and pro rata for longer.

All Short Service Officers may apply for permanent commissions.

Candidates must be British subjects, sons of British subjects, under 36 years old and medically fit.

For further details apply to
Director, Naval Education Service (P.132),
Admiralty,
London.

NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Research Officer to assist in the development and operation of the Foundation's Test Services. Candidates should be graduates with preferably an Honours degree. An academic qualification in psychology or education will be expected, and also some knowledge of the methods used in the constructing of ability and attainment tests.

Salary scale £700×£25 to £750. Particulars and application forms from the Director, NFER, 79 Wimpole Street, London, W1. Closing date 20 June, 1958.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE UNIVERSITY OF HULL
DEPARTMENT OF ADULT EDUCATION

Applications are invited from men and women for the post of Staff Tutor in English Literature, the appointment to be effective as from 1 October, 1958. Salary scale as for Assistant Lecturer (£700×£50–£850) or Lecturer (£900×£50–£1,350×£75–£1,650 with a promotion bar at £1,300). Superannuation and family allowances (£50 for each child). Salary according to qualifications and experience. Qualifications in a second subject and experience in lecturing to adult audiences desirable but not essential. Full particulars from The Registrar, The University, Hull, to whom applications (eight copies) should be sent by 14 June, 1958.

CITY OF LEEDS EDUCATION COMMITTEE
City of Leeds Training College
(500 students: men and women)
Principal: R. W. Rich, MA, PhD

Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in Education (man) to commence duties in September, 1958, or as soon afterwards as possible. Pelham Salary Scale £850–£1,200.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Principal, City of Leeds Training College, Beckett Park, Leeds 6, (stamped addressed envelope required) to whom applications should be returned as soon as possible and not later than 11 June.

GEORGE TAYLOR,
Chief Education Officer.
Education Department,
Leeds 1.

Married couple or single man required at LANGLEY HOUSE RECEPTION HOME, East India Dock Road, E14. Duties include observation and assessment of children.

Housefather will be deputy to Warden in charge. Salary £505 to £577 10s.

Housemother £437 10s. to £512 10s.,

each plus £18 10s. for Home Office Certificate, less charge for board, etc.

Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/942), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Economics in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Preference will be given to candidates with interests in mathematical economics and/or econometrics. Salary on a scale £700 to £850 per annum. Membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 14 June 1958 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA – University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Classics. Applicants should have an Honours Degree and should be prepared to lecture on Latin and/or Greek for Pass Degree and Honours and (if called upon) to share in the (first-year Pass) Ancient History course. Experience of teaching Classics, whether in a school or at a university, will be a recommendation. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 July, 1958.

LONDON County Council. Educational Psychologists required for two positions: (1) In Education Inspectorate: good academic and professional qualifications in educational psychology, teaching experience and the ability to lecture and organise classes for teachers required. There are particular fields of work in special boarding schools and day classes for maladjusted children and in remedial classes for retarded children. Teachers' Centre with a department for remedial education is being developed. Experience in the field of local authority work desirable. Salary: £962 10s.–£1,482 10s. (under review). (2) To work as member of a full clinic team at Earl's Court Child Guidance Unit. Duties include liaison with schools. Honours degree in psychology, clinical training and educational experience essential. Salary: £950×£45–£1,355. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms, with full details, from the Education Officer (Estab. 2/H), The County Hall, London, SE1. Returnable by 11 June, 1958.

KING'S College Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Second Psychiatric Social Worker to the Child Guidance Clinic at the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Applicants should have had suitable experience in child guidance and must hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised course of training. Personal analysis will be considered an advantage. Salary and conditions of service according to the Whitley Council Agreement. This post is an additional one caused by an increase in the work of the Clinic, which is both interesting and varied and includes individual and group treatment of children and parents. Dr Lorna Wheelan is the full-time Psychiatrist at this Clinic and there is also a full-time Psychologist and one other Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned by 7 June. S. W. Barnes, House Governor.

EDMONTON Constituency Labour Party invites applications for the position of full-time Secretary/Agent. The successful applicant will be required to possess good secretarial and administrative ability. Modern premises, well-equipped office and Party transport. Salary £560–£700, according to experience. Applications with details of experience, if any, to the Assistant Secretary, Broad House, 205 Fore Street, N18, before 25 June 1958.

EDITORIAL Assistant. Lady required for work on educational monthly and to assist generally in preparation of publications. Accuracy and ability to re-write essential, knowledge of educational field an advantage. Salary according to age and experience. Apply Publications Officer, NCVAE, 33 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TRANSLATOR required by National Coal Board at London Headquarters to translate, either in full or in precis form, technical articles appearing on foreign journals. Sound knowledge of German and at least one other foreign language, preferably Polish or Russian, and ability to write clear and concise English and assimilate ideas and words in a number of technical fields are required; experience of technical translating is desirable; knowledge of mining would be an advantage but is not essential. Appointment (superannuable), according to qualifications and experience, within inclusive scales £725–£877 male, £675–£815 female. Write to Staff Dept. (X1133), N.C.B., Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London, SW1, for application form which should be returned by 12 June, 1958.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the Post of Research Assistant in the Department of Economics, for one year from the 1st October 1958, with a possibility of a renewal for a further one or two yeaqs, to take part in a research project on long cycles and economic growth. Salary £675 per annum. Six copies of applications, together with the names of three referees, should be sent to the undersigned not later than 10 June 1958. Further particulars can be obtained by applying to the Registrar, E. R. Evans, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

LONDON County Council. Assistant Organisers, Children's Care Work. Experienced social workers, preferably with social science qualifications, required in school health service. Duties include recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Salary scale £592 10s. (at age 24) to £792 10s., commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Application form and details from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/B/976), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 23 June 1958.

BBC requires a specialist to conduct research into the application of an electronic computer to Corporation procedure. Candidates must have imagination, initiative and ability to conduct negotiations at a high level. Experience of conducting investigations and submitting reports, and an appreciation of the practical potentialities of electronic data processing equipment to routine office procedures are essential. Practical experience of running a mechanised system in a large organisation and devising and implementing new procedures is desirable. The post is an experimental one for two years in first instance and may become permanent. If it does not, the possibility of transfer to another post will be considered if selected candidate wishes. Salary in grade with max. of £2,345 p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.652 N.Stm), should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London W1, within five days.

EXECUTIVE required in medium-sized family business engaged in retail food, catering and bakery. Age 25-35 with experience in work study, engineering and economics. Salary according to qualifications. Good prospects. Applications to The Secretary, Barrow's Stores, Ltd, 76 Corporation Street, Birmingham 2.

SANE Guruji Hostel, 86 Pernhead Road, Paddington, requires warden on part-time basis. Applicants should preferably be students, active in social democratic organisations. Small salary, and single accommodation. Fuller details Secretary, International Co-operative and Socialist Youth Hostels Ltd., 8 Gayfere Street, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BIRMINGHAM Jewish United Benevolent Board invites applications for Lady Secretary-Almoner in succession to present holder of appointment who is retiring. The position is open to a skilled Jewish social worker who will be required to deal with all Jewish charitable matters in Birmingham. Applicants should state age, experience, and the relevant information which might enable the executive to assess their ability. The post is pensionable and the salary will be commensurate with qualifications and experience. Apply to the Birmingham Jewish United Benevolent Board, Singers Hill, Birmingham, 1.

COMMERCIAL Television. An Associate Producer/Scriptwriter required by Production Company. Salary upwards of £1,000 per annum according to ability. Previous television or agency copywriting experience is essential. Write to Box 742.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, the largest vegetarian residential community in the country, will shortly require a Dietician-Caterer. This is an exceptional opportunity for a woman of the right qualities and experience. Further details from the Headmaster.

REQUIRED in September for St Christopher's Co-ed School, Gt Missenden, ages 6-14, resident Master for History, Geography, games and some craft work if possible. Interest in out of school activities essential. Approx. Burnham scale.

PARK House School, Peper Harow, Near Godalming, Surrey. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Case Worker at this Home Office Approved School for 82 boys age range 15 to 18 years. The post is non-resident and is open to suitably qualified men or women. Salary scale according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars from the Headmaster.

PRISON Commission: Women Social Workers. Two pensionable posts at Wormwood Scrubs Prison and Latchmere House Borstal (Near Richmond). Age: normally at least 30 on 1.4.1958 Social work experience essential, degree or diploma in social science desirable. Duties include interviewing boys and parents. Salary scale £571 (or higher) to £820. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting No. 4843/58/33. Closing date 16 June, 1958.

MAGDALEN College Club. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Leader for the Boys' side of mixed club. Active interest necessary in all age groups, from Juniors to Pensioners. Salary £500 p.a. or according to experience, with increments. Considerable scope for Child Care, probation and family case work. Applications, together with copies of two testimonials and names of two referees to be returned by 9 June to the Sec., 83 Werrington St, NW1, from whom further details can be obtained.

THE South Staffordshire Council of Social Service desires to appoint an Officer to assist with the Women's side of the Council's work. Applicants should possess organising and administrative ability. Salary on scale £450/£600. Further particulars and Application Form from: The General Secretary, South Staffs. Council of Social Service, 16 Queen Square, Wolverhampton.

WILTSHIRE County Council Education Committee. Applications invited for superannuable post of Local Youth Service Officer at Warminster. Recognised training and experience essential. Duties include development of work, wardenship of Youth Centre, and some club leadership. Salary on Grade IV of the Miscellaneous Division, viz., £565 × £20 – £625 per annum. Further particulars and application form from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Trowbridge.

RESIDENTIAL staff required September at co-educational school for the seniors' hostel; experienced female working caterer; ditto matron, and two educated youngish men accustomed to working with boys. Married couple would be considered. Written applications, stating full details of experience, salary required, etc., to S. R. Ravenscroft, Michael Hall, Forest Row, Sussex.

ESSEX. Friends' School, Saffron Walden. (Co-educational boarding-school). Required in September an Assistant Housekeeper to organise and supervise the domestic staff (no catering). Interest and experience in housekeeping more important than formal qualifications. Salary £300 – £400 resident, or £420 – £520 non-resident. Applications, with references and testimonials, to the Headmaster's Secretary, from whom further details can be obtained.

ATTRACTIVE girls club (twin) requires Leader who likes girls (and does not dislike boys); September; preferably residential (congenial company). Salary £500 (less residence). Apply in writing, Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, WC1.

WELL-educated assistant (female), 18-25, required for Economic and Research Department in offices of large Trade Union near Waterloo Station. Shorthand-typing essential. Good salary and conditions. Five-day week. Staff Canteen and Superannuation. Please reply in writing to the Secretary, National Union of Mineworkers, 5 Westminster Bridge Rd, London, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADVERTISEMENT/Circulation Manager required by established educational monthly. Young man preferred, willing to work hard at space selling, and control 'all subscription' circulation. Salary £450 plus commission. Apply Publications Officer, NCVAE, 33 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

MALE Clerk (Adult) for general clerical duties in Education Department of large organisation in Westminster District. Knowledge of simple filing systems and ability to type desirable. Varied work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 636.

EXPERIENCED Confidential Secretary, with interest in social work. Apply to The Warden, Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, London, E1.

SHORTHAND-Typist required. Preferably with experience of Committee work. Good salary and conditions. Luncheon Vouchers. 9-5.30. No Sats. Write or 'phone Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Gt Portland St, W1. EUS. 5251.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

CAPABLE, country-loving young woman required from September to help in farmhouse, beautiful part of North Wales. Quaker family, four children, one farm worker, two African farm students. Extra help for housework. Apply Evans, Trallwyn, Chwilog, Caernarvonshire.

TEMPORARY secretary for interesting post W1. Good salary, short hours. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1.

TRANSLATORS required for home work. Typing essential. State mother tongue and charges. Box 725.

APOLLO Agency invites inquiries from top quality secretarial and general office staff. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman, stifling, needs job. Able do anything. Hates shorthand, but can type. Interests writing and staying alive. Bagot, 79 Barkston Gardens, SW5.

ADVERTISER would like to hear from any organisation which could use a man having the following experience and qualifications: Comprehensive knowledge of provincial towns and villages. Organisation of exhibitions, shows, entertainments and publicity. Negotiations with local authorities, lecturing; engineering inspections; tests and reports. Qualified engineer. Very practical. Some knowledge agriculture. Mobile. Box 603.

HONS grad. Russian & French (male, 25, married), violinist, wide interests, stagnating in business, seeks worthwhile job in London with prospects. Box 836.

THE job I'm seeking demands knowledge of advtsg typography, printing. Experience in photography, newspapers, classifieds, copy. Education academic/technical. Versatile creative/admin. type. 35, £13 p.w. Box 825.

CAMBRIDGE undergrad. seeks interesting work long vac. Anything consid. Box 707.

RESIDENT domestic helps from abroad; Beckenham Bureau: Beckenham 8329.

YOUNG lady aged 19, German, experienced in commercial translating, sh.-typing, sks emplmt in West End. Box 706.

GERMAN lady seeks post as translator (German-English) or any job. Box 629.

FUNDS

CHARITY Commission. In the matter of the Charity known as The Frances Gray Memorial Fund, in the Metropolitan Borough of Stepney. The Charity Commissioners for England and Wales hereby give notice that an Order has been made by them establishing a Scheme for the regulation of the Charity. Copies of the Order and Scheme can be seen between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. at the Central Library, Bancroft Road, London, E1, and at the Commissioners' Office at 14 Ryder Street, St James's, London, SW1, where copies can be purchased at the price of 4s 10d each.

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants, tenable for one year in the first instance and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University, and applications are acceptable from students who expect to graduate this summer. The successful candidates will be expected to pursue research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology. Applications should be sent not later than 1 July 1958 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

STUDENTSHIPS etc.—continued

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CANBERRA

Research Scholarships

Applications are invited from post-graduate students with capacity for research for scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology including Oceanic Linguistics, Demography, Economics including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Geography, Australian History, Far Eastern History (China and Japan)*, Pacific History, International Relations, Law, Political Science including Public Administration, Philosophy, Political and Social Philosophy and Statistics including Mathematical Statistics.

The scholarships are tenable for an initial period of two years and may be extended for a third year. Scholars are expected to enrol for a Ph.D. degree. The present value of a scholarship is £A822 per annum. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted an additional allowance of £A225 per annum in respect of the first child and a further £A75 per annum for each other child.

A grant will be made towards a scholar's fares to and from Canberra at the commencement and expiration of his scholarship.

Application forms and further information may be obtained from the undersigned**, to whom applications should be submitted, or from the Secretary, the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The University regularly considers applications in June and November, but special consideration may be given to applications at other times. Scholarships may be taken up at any time after award, including vacation periods.

*A substantial knowledge of the relevant language is a pre-requisite.

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CPLE seek cott./bungalow, coast, 8 June, 1-4 mths. Reasonable rent. Box 806.

UNFURN. or partly furn. s/c. flat, non-basement, N. London. Box 813.

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Particulars from WEA, 51 Grainger Street, or Extra-Mural Dept, 153 Barras Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.

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PERSONAL

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NORWEGIAN – yng. man NW London desires Norwegian lessons. Box 845.

SEAT Dress Circle 6 June 'Three Sisters' exch. rdg first in Russian. GUL. 7934.

SPAIN. 1 seat in Volkswagen lvg London 10 July for Irun, retg 27. Box 749.

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LADY 45 London wishes to meet another interested country rambles and going places of interest Sundays. Box 748.

FAVOURITE aunts subscribe to The Beaver Club (the book-a-month club for boys and girls of 10 and upwards). Details from Hutchinson Book Clubs Manager, 178-202 Gt Portland St, London, W1.

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WYE Valley – two guests only, offered accommodation in advertiser's lovely home. Secluded, peaceful. Superb scenery. Ideal writer, artist, convalescent. Box 726.

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P.S.

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OPERA AND BALLET

CARL ROSA OPERA

Week 2-7 June

Golders Green Hippodrome

Mon.	Carmen
Tue.	The Tales of Hoffmann
Wed.	Rigoletto
Thu.	The Bartered Bride
Fri.	Don Giovanni
Sat. (Mat.)	The Barber of Seville
Sat. (Evg.)	Faust

Evenings 7.30. Sat. Mat. 2.30.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE COVENT GARDEN

(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

2 June, 7.30 Last perf. of La Bohème
4 June, 6.30 Tristan und Isolde (in German)

THE ROYAL BALLET

(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)

3 June, 7.30 Les Sylphides, Miracle in the Gorbals, Birthday Offering
5 June, 7.30 Solitaire, Coppelia
6 June, 7.30 Ballet Imperial, Giselle
7 June, 2.30 Le Lac des Cygnes
7.30 Les Patineurs, Giselle

OPERA Circle, 'A Tale of Two Cities', by Arthur Benjamin illus. by New Opera Co. soloists, Sun., 1 June, 8 p.m., at 4 St James's Sq., SW1 Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8. Tel. Wes 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. T/S Evs 8, Sat. Sn. 5, 8. 'Quaint Honour'. Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue, 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30, Sn. 4.00. 7th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for membership, tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evs 8, S. 5 & 8, W. 2.30. 'Flesh to a Tiger'.

THE. Royal. E 15. MAR. 5973. Evs 8, S. 5 & 8. 'A Taste of Honey'.

TOWER 7.30, 30, 31 May, Odet's 'Winter Journey'. 6, 7 (Mems 8), 12, 13, 14 June only Goldoni's comedy 'Mirandolina'. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6). Canonbury Pl., N.1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Ganze Macher' ('His Friend at Court'). Thurs. to Sun. 7.45. Last week. Mems.

CONCERTS

'LE Fiacre', 'Les Feuilles Mortes' and other popular French songs from Louis XIII to Charles Trenet are included in the 88th Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Saturday, 31 May, at three o'clock. Singers: Denyse Duval and Michel Sénéchal. Prog. presented and accompanied by Georges Van Parys. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 10s. WEL. 2141.

ROBERT Schumann Society. Concert Sat. 31 May, 7.30 p.m., in the library of Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Sylvia Cleaver (violin), Louise Cootes (piano), Jennifer Ryan (cello), Edward Hain (tenor), Walter Bergmann (piano). Admission 3s., members free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 1 June: 'Wedding Breakfast' (U). From 2 June: Resurrection series: Garbo in 'Camille' (A)

ROXY, Bayswater 2345, W/c 1 June, 'Bachelor Party,' X (adults only). Yves Montand, 'The Heroes Are Tired,' X.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Film Show: On the Bowery, Un Jardin Public (Marcel Marceau), Thurs., 5 June, 7 p.m. Admission 5s., members 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, 31 May, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. & their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

PAINTINGS from the Niarchos Collection. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 29 June. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun 2-6. Ad. 2s.

ROYAL Opera House (Covent Garden) 1858-1958. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 June. Mon. Wed. Sat. 10-6; Tues. 10-8. Admission 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Guggenheim Award 1958: British Section. Last three days. Today (Fri. 30 May) and Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Poliakoff – First London Exhibition of Paintings & Gouaches. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 20 June.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave, Toynbee Art Club. Until 15 June.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ULR Exhibition, The Left in the 'Thirties. Sat. 31 May to Wed. 4 June. Sat. & Sun. 2.30 to 9.30 p.m., Mon. to Wed. 4.30 to 9.30 p.m. Left Book Centre, 1st flr. 7 Carlisle St, W1. Adm. 1s.

GANYMED Reproductions: works by Braque, Derain, Matisse, Dufy, etc, most 26in prints 50s. & 7s. 2d. tax. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

CAMBRIDGE Society of Painters and Sculptors. 1958 Exhibition. 4-18 June. Daily except Sundays, 10.30-6.30. Arts Council Gallery, 2 All Saints' Passage, Cambridge.

'ECOLE de Paris, Yesterday and Today': French paintings, including works by Matisse, Bonnard, Signac, Dufy, Braque, Picasso, selected by Eric Newton, presented by Finsbury Art Group. Central Library, Skinner St (nr Sadler's Wells). 2-14 June. 10-8 daily, closed Sundays. Admission free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Philip Sutton: Recent paintings.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Welcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

ERNST Fuchs: Paintings, drawings and etchings until June 10. St George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

EXHIBITION of Sketches & Paintings of England and Theatrical Designs by the late M. W. Dobuiinsky at Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Open to public daily, except Sunday, from Monday 2 June to Friday 13 June, 11 a.m.-1 p.m. & 6 p.m.-8 p.m.

SLATTER Gallery, 30 Old Bond Street. 1958 Exhibition Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings of France: Paul Pouchol. Daily 9.30-6. Saturday 9.30-1. 2, Cork Street, W1.

GALLERY One. W1. (GERrard 3529). Kemeny reliefs; Max Chapman petgs.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Sergio de Castro. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 7 June. 142 New Bond St, W1.

RUSSIAN Hand-painted Miniatures on Lacquered Boxes, Exhibition and sale. Medici Galleries, 7 Grafton Street, W1. 5-18 June. Sat. 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Zack, Pharr. Till 7 June. Daily 10-7, including Saturdays.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leics. Sq., WC2. 3 Contemporary Chinese Painters – Lin Show Yu, Chow Ying Hwa, Li Yen.

44 Potters – an Exhibition by members of the Craftsmen Potters Association at Briglin Pottery, 66 Baker St, W1. 3-13 June. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CHRISTIAN ACTION CONFERENCE

Westcott House, Cambridge: Fri. Eve. 13 June to Sun. Eve. 15 June. 'The Challenge of our Times'. Speakers will include: Rev. Mervyn Stockwood; Sir Henry Willink; Mr John Neville; Miss Janet Lacey; The Bishop of Willesden; Ritchie Calder; Father T. Corbishley; Canon L. John Collins

Special subjects for consideration. Nuclear Weapons, Racialism, Refugees.

Details from The Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4.

TOWARDS Reunion. A one-day conference for lay people, at Liddon House, W1, on Saturday 14 June. Speakers include Dom Robert Petitpierre, Rev. F. P. Coleman (Anglican), Rev. Ronald Spivey (Meth.), Mr R. L. Thomson (Presb.). Cost incl. lunch and tea 8s. 6d. Applications to William Temple Association, Liddon House, 24 South Audley St, London, W1, by 11 June.

ARABINDA Basu, MA, on 'Religion and World Peace'. Annual All Faiths Service, St. Botolph's, Aldgate, E1. Thursday, 12 June 1958, at 7.30 p.m. Representatives of World Religions will participate. Organised by World Congress of Faiths.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Suns, 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad-Gita. All wel. Vedanta Mag. 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FRANCE. Emergency Meeting. Isaac Deutscher, Basil Davidson, Doris Lessing, Abu, Norman MacKenzie, Anthony Wedgwood Benn. Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq, Warren St. Today Fri. 30 May, 7.30.

UNIVERSITIES & Left Review Club. Brian Abel-Smith, 'Whose Welfare State?' Mon. 2 June, 8 p.m., Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2. Adm. 2s., mems 1s.

ULR Internat. Forum. 'France', LBC, 7 Carlisle St W1. Thurs. 5 June, 1.15. Adm. 1s.

ULR Education Group. Thurs. 5 June, 6 p.m., 7 Carlisle St, W1.

LONDON Schools Left Club every Fri., 5.30 p.m., 7 Carlisle St, W1.

ESHER Campaign Nuclear Disarmament. Friends Meeting House, Claremont Lane, 8 p.m., Thurs., 5 June. Nigel Calder.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Austen Allen, MP, on Britain & the Horn of Africa, Wed. 4 June, 7.30, Friends House, Euston Road, WC1. Vis 2s.

PERSONALIST Group. Paul Senft on 'Psychotherapy and Existentialist Analysis'. Friday, 6 June, Conway Hall, 8 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, 7 June at 6 p.m. M. Guy Millot (Alliance Française): 'Son Excellence Louis Jouvet'.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 30 May, 8 p.m. Camille Honig: 'Pushkin and Mickiewicz'. Fri. 6 June, 8 p.m. Leonard Schapiro (London School of Economics): 'The Finance of Revolution'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, Mon. 2 June, 8 p.m. Prof. V. N. Ilyine: 'Poetry and Music' (in Russian).

SCR: Ralph Parker and Robert Daglish discuss current Soviet cultural trends. Wed. 4 June. 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

SANDERSTEAD (Village) Primary School, 8 p.m. Wed 4 June. Communist Party Public Meeting: 'Education & Your Child'.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz: Armstrong Autobiography – Spike Macintosh. The Immortal Parker – Alun Morgan. Wed., 4 June, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d., members 1s. 6d.

RIBA Annual Discourse by R. Buckminster Fuller, 5 June at 6 p.m. 66 Portland Place, W1. Adm. free, without ticket.

DOWN with De Gaulle. Hands off French Labour Movement. Freedom for Algeria. Mass protest meeting and march to French Embassy. Hyde Park 6 p.m. Sunday, 1 June. Speakers: Peter Fryer, Brian Behan & others. Called by The News Letter.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 1 June: The Present Civilization. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

THEATRE Workshop & the Censor; May 30, 7 p.m. Shaw Soc., 7 Albemarle St, W1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 1 June, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m.: M. Roshwald: 'Reflections on America'.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 6 June 8.30 p.m. Miss Burgess on 'The Manners and Customs of the Past', illus. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome.

SPLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 11 a.m. Sunday 1 June. Miss Jean Graham Hall, LL.M. 'Adult Behaviour and Juvenile Delinquency.' Write for free 'Record'.

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THE Third Way for an uncommitted Britain. Weekend School 14 & 15 June, nr Guildford, Surrey. M. Sagoe (Ghana), Mohamed El Amin (Sudan), Maung Maung Ji (Burma), will lecture on their countries. Details: D. Wickes, 29 Sunderland Rd SE23.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS—*See page 711*

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Application for second-class matter pending at the Post Office, New York. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd. Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d. Canada 1d